

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 38.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell. Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic. Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast. Deputy Sheriff, R. E. Burns. Clerk County Court, S. L. Brown. Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson. Assessor, C. O. Arbogast. (C. H. Beard, Commissioner Co Court, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow. County Surveyor, George Baxter. Coroner, George P. Moore. County Head of Health, Dr. J. W. Price, L. M. McClintic, M. J. McNeil, J. C. Arbogast. Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, H. H. Gross, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Donelson; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Levisa.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October. County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas County and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

G. M. B. SCOTT, JR.

LAWYER,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,

DESTIT,

MONTGOMERY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of each visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. HEYMOOR,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

ELKERTON, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in this paper.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Now visit Dr. W. A. Tugger, M. D., in Marlinton, W. Va.

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ANDREW CARNEGIE, in a recent article in *The Forum* entitled "What I would do with the tariff if I was tsar," advances the novel idea, and it is the main thought of the whole paper, that only the rich and luxurious class use imported articles, and that this class likes to have the supplies used by them high, and out of reach of the common herd, in fact, making price a great object. He says farther that the goods of the laboring class are manufactured in America almost exclusively, and proves it by figures. A comparatively small part of the revenue of the tariff is imposed upon articles of consumption which rich and poor must use alike, such as sugar. As there are two institutions benefitted by the tariff, the government, which derives a revenue, and the manufacturer, who is afforded protection, Mr. Carnegie very conclusively proves that of anxiety caused to be paid by a tariff the rich pay theirs into the treasury at Washington, and the poor into the pockets of the manufacturer. Never before the perusal of that article had we realized that we did not directly support the government with the mite that we contributed every year by reason of high prices, but it seems as though we poor people were one degree removed from this honorable position, for we have first to make some manufacturer rich and through this medium we will get our money into the treasury to be judiciously expended by some fifty-odd Congress. That the products of the home manufacturer are higher on account of the fostering of a protective tariff, we take as granted, and that nothing but the very best fabrics are imported we very well know. There is one topic of the tariff question of which writers are very shy of speaking, and that is, what makes a tariff necessary? To get at the root of the disease we must attack the cause, and every statesman heretofore, who has turned his thoughts in that direction, has decided that the ailment was well-nigh incurable, because the cause, expenditure, could not be removed.

So it is that, what should be an all-wise government, for the sake of raising a comparatively small sum from the rich for revenue, has put the masses at such a disadvantage with the manufacturer that he is able to extract a sum from the lower and middle classes infinitely greater than the selfish government receives for its expenses. Even our own Hon. William L. Wilson introduced into Congress a bill referred to by Bourke Cochran as the "most damnable protective measure yet introduced," and we will need a tear while a Congress remains in power which is afraid to remove the cause of a war-tariff—unnecessary expenditure.

George Arble, a justice of Wheling, has been charged of charges of larceny, in North Carolina by a decision of the Supreme Court of that State. Two years ago Mr. Arble was traveling in North Carolina, and found a pocket book containing \$140 in money and a sum of \$170. He hunted up the owner, and demanded a reward of \$20. The owner refused his \$20, and said that they differed. Arble was then arrested and committed to the sheriff. On his trial, conducted by Col. Arnett, he was exonerated, but

SMALL SAVINGS.

Shall we be paroled for repeating the old Scottish proverb that "many a little makes a mickle?" It is so true in its teachings of thrift that it ought to be impressed upon every person, young and old, for no one is too old to begin to save.

The basis of the prosperity of the French people is their thrift. Of course not every French man and woman saves and puts by something, but the practice is nearly universal. It seems true, also, that those who earn the least, and who are forced to pinch and screw the hardest to give themselves food, shelter and clothing of some sort, form the great saving class.

At the end of 1893 the public and private savings-banks of France had more than eight million depositors, and the amount standing to their credit was three and three-quarters billion francs. Yet this vast sum—about equal to the net public debt of the United States—was made up of little accounts which average but four hundred and sixty francs, or nine-and-a-half dollars each.

To save money is one of the lessons taught in French schools. A savings-book book, with a small sum to the credit of the owner, is a prize commonly given to the bright pupil; in cases where an American school would give the money outright, or a book, or a bicycle. Moreover, millions of French people who do not trust the banks have money saved in old stockings and in discarded teapots.

The accumulation of saving by a community is doubly beneficial. The person who saves has something laid by "for a rainy day," and the community has a fund which can be lent at home. Where savings-banks exist and are generally patronized it is not necessary for the people to look to capitalists in other states for money to be borrowed on mortgage at exorbitant rates. They can borrow of the local bank, and can have the satisfaction of feeling that the interest they pay goes to their own neighbors.

This has been the experience not only in the large cities of the Eastern States, but also in the factory towns where savings-banks are established, and where a vast majority of the depositors are the "hands," who work for an average wage of not much more than a dollar a day.

In some parts of the country—

possible the form of endeavor is more common than we suppose it to be—there a systematic effort to teach the poorest people to save. We have in mind a friendly society made up of ladies each one of whom has taken under her oversight three or four families in which the father is a drunkard, or the mother a widow, or where there are many young children.

The lady visits each family once a week, makes all its members her friends, and encourages them to save something and to entrust it to her. Ten cents, or a quarter, any thing which the family can spare, is accepted. A careful account is kept, and when the coal supply runs short there is money on hand to pay for it.

We know of an Irish family, consisting of a widow and five or six very young children, who were receiving pauper relief at the time this system was applied to their case, and who are now almost independent. The boys are doing well, earn their own living, and supply their mother. Moreover, they have learned to save. The mother no longer needs the weekly visit, but she still sends her savings to the lady who first had charge of her case.

Of course there are many people who cannot save, but there are many who do not save because they think they cannot. What we have said is for the benefit of the average class, who are apt to ascribe their difficulties to any cause rather than to the real one. For the last class we can have nothing but

sympathy, and a wish for better times and circumstances.

If all who can save were to do so, and were to mass their savings for the common good, they would deal the most effectual blow possible at the power of the great capitalists, whose accumulations of wealth are believed by many persons to be one of the great dangers of the time.—*Exchange.*

A BRITISH STATESMAN.

William Court Gulley will be the speaker of the British house of commons to succeed Arthur Wellesley Peel. He is the choice of the government, and will be elected. It is not generally known, perhaps, that the man to be thus honored is descended from a prize-fighter.

John Gully, the grand-sire of the coming speaker, was not only a prize-fighter, but one of renown, and at one time held the title champion of England. His father, in turn, was a butcher—but what of that?—so was the father of Cardinal Wolsey. Even old England, where pride of ancestry runs riot and prains count for less than a coat of arms, has had her experience with men of plebeian brain, who have forced success and attained prominence by sheer desert. Among the occupants of the woolsack she has had a aeweston's karn's son, and at another time the offspring of grocer. One prime minister was the son of an actress, and another the descendant of a cotton-spinner. Surely there should be no quibble because the next speaker is the descendant of a pugilist.

There is much of interest in the life of elder Gulley. He was born in Bristol, August 21, 1783, the son of a master butcher of respectableability.

He early took to the prize ring, and when twenty-two years old had his first battle with Hen. Pierce, called the "Game Chicken," who was then champion of England. Previous to this time Gulley was little known in Loudon and had never signalized himself as a pugilist.

He had for some time followed the avocation of butcher, but being unsuccessful had taken country lodgings in the neighborhood of St. George's Fields, as the King's Bench prison was facetiously termed. There he had a fine, open situation and found room enough to exert his muscles in the active emprise of rackets.

Gully fought many famous battles in the prize ring, but his reputation does not end with his career in the ring. He became in after years one of the noted public men of his time. After a few years past in the occupation of tavern-keeper, in which he earned general respect, he was so fortunate in turf speculations and so well served by sound judgment in racing matters that he retired and became the purchaser of War park, Hertfordshire. Here he associated with the first circles of the county. Fortune still smiled upon him, he became a spirited breeder and race horse proprietor, an owner of collieries, and lastly, in 1832, attained the proud position of one of England's senators, being returned to Parliament as representative for Pontefract in the first reformed Parliament. He died at Durham, March 9, 1863, in the eightieth year of his age, leaving a family of five sons and five daughters.

The "sons of the Revolution" met at Fairmont lately. It is an organization to which any one who is a lineal descendant of a Revolutionary soldier is eligible for membership. The West Virginia Society was organized last year, and many of the most prominent men of the State are enrolled as members.

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OSCAR WILDE'S plays have all been telegraphed and have been withdrawn from the stage.

INCOME TAX UPHELD

With the exception of income derived from rent of real estate and municipal bonds, two very important items, the Income Tax has been held to be constitutional. This decision marks an epoch in American history, and in the annals of the future will be given a prominent place, especially will this be true if we are on the eve of some great society event, as so many think. We give the opinion *verbatim.*

THE COURT'S CONCLUSION.

(In: Charles Pollock vs. the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, et al.) It is established:

1. That by the Constitution Federal taxation is divided into two great classes: Direct taxes and duties, imports and excises.

2. That the imposition of direct taxes is governed by the rule of apportionment among the several States, according to numbers, and the imposition of duties, imports and excises by the rules of uniformity throughout the United States.

3. That the principle that taxation and representation go together was intended to be and was preserved in the constitution by the establishment of the rule of apportionment among the several States so that such apportionment should be according to numbers in each State.

4. That the States surrendered their power to levy imposts and to regulate commerce to the General Government and gave it the concurrent power to levy direct taxes in reliance on the protection afforded by the rules prescribed, and that the compromise of the Constitution cannot be disturbed by legislative action.

5. That these conclusions result from the text of the Constitution and are supported by the historical evidence furnished by the circumstances surrounding the framing and adoption of that instrument and the views of those who framed and adopted it.

6. That the understanding and expectation at the time of the adoption of the Constitution was that direct taxes would not be levied by the General Government except under the pressure of extraordinary exigency, and such has been the practice down to Aug. 15, 1894. If the power to do so is to be exercised as an ordinary and usual means of supply, that fact furnishes an additional reason for circumspection in disposing of the present case.

7. The taxes on real estate belong to the class of direct taxes, and that the taxes on the rent or income of real estate, which is the incident of its ownership, belong to the same class.

8. That by no previous decision of this court has this question been adjudicated to the contrary of the conclusions now announced.

9. That so much of the act of Aug. 15, 1894, as attempts to impose a tax upon real estate without apportionment is invalid.

The court is further of opinion that the act of Aug. 15, 1894, is invalid so far as it attempts to levy a tax upon the income derived from municipal bonds. As a municipal corporation is the representative of the State and one of the instrumentalities of the State Government the property and revenues of municipal corporations are not the subjects of Federal taxation, nor is the income derived from State, county and municipal securities, since taxation on the interest therefrom operates on the power to borrow before it is exercised and has a sensible influence on the contract, and therefore such a tax is a tax on the power of the States and their instrumentalities to borrow money, and consequently repugnant to the constitution.

The Delaware legislature has enacted a law making it punishable by a fine of \$25 to fly any foreign flag on any public building in the State.

LOVERS PARTING.

From "Lovers." We break the trees
where our paths may part,
The brambles will drag distance apart,
and leave our paths apart.
The world shall roll between,
With low men and mountain high,
Death and small universe,
Early one never say "good-bye."
We have to leave the sigh and song
We wrote the there and now.
The world continued below
The trees and shrubs of the house,
We in sight and sound,
To dream in earth and sky—
To the other world,
It can never say, "good-bye."
It is, the birds, the birds,
With leaves and roses red.
All they have lost in our words
As far as eyes, the truth has sped
And now to meet the moment when
Our hearts begin in anguish sigh
And we mere sigh
Says out "good-bye."
—Vivian Waterman.

AN ODD NEIGHBOR.

BY CHARLES H. ABBOTT.



HERE was a strange silence everywhere, as is not uncommon in the month of August, for now the promises of summer have been made good, and the world is at rest. Not a leaf stirred, and, except the plaintive note of some far-off bird, I could hear only my own footsteps. The trees and fields and shaded winding lane were as I had them last, when darkness sent them in, but now, in the early morning, it seemed as if the sun had brought bad things. It has always appeared to me that August days are days for retrospection, and that the mind is especially at such a time. It takes notice of those things which in the hurry and clutter of June are overlooked. This is no mere whim, and on this occasion the effect was to convince me that something unusual had happened or was about to occur. It is not an uncommon experience. Premonitions are too frequent to be lightly treated as mere coincidences. It was the clearly promissory action that made the world seem to me comforted at rest. There are matter-of-fact folks who would testily remark, "I'll say so;" there are people of equal at intentions who persist only blunder.

I had heard of an oak chest, with long brass clamps, and to-day set out to find it. There was but a

place to be seen when I turned from the lane into the township road, and so I had the dusty highway to myself, a faring of my fancy. Even

lonely was the road broad into which I turned, and at last it had

a little used, it was as much the

long road of bird-life as of hu-

manity. Everywhere it was shaded

by a great number of trees

which the sun had grown since

mid-day. Along this ancient way

the tall bushes remained of

the same height in the passing

years. When houses are passed

the road is long and old,

and more than one

has a house in it. There is no

place to be seen, and what ver-

severed the old highway from

the new, the old road

is still to be seen.

As a child I had

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now I have seen it again.

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MES.

For the Times.

Hoover's Rhymes.

With us, I will, with us excuse,
With us, your heart has played

The game,
And pleasure gave us pain,
And us that we care to gain.

Friend life afraid of death,
She would that she could feel the

heat,
With us, from our poor heart.

Our world was we were outlawed,
And had the world overawed,

Then we would sweep with the

bold.

She says, take her for her hand,
When we are spied we'll be wed,

With pistols at the pastor's head,

Wed soon the powder half-a-dime

And ask him for the earnest time,

The harkway to some retreat,

And had no doubt, "revenge is

done."

Furnishing the Court-House.

At a County Court held Saturday the contract for furniture for the new court-house was let to the Marsh Manufacturing Company at \$2,500. Two bids were in, the other bidder being County Brothers, of Toledo, Ohio, at \$2,410. These bids were made on a schedule heretofore adopted by the County Court and furnished to both parties. It includes suitable and sufficient furniture for the rooms of the new building together with the furniture now on hand. The main court-room will be furnished with opera chairs and fittings for the bar.

The only other business transacted at this term of the Court was the letting the contract for the repairing of the Huntersville Bridge to J. A. Sharp, of Marlinton, for \$200.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PUBLIC SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Having decided to abandon the hotel business, and engage in other pursuits I will on Saturday,

APRIL 27, 1895

Sell at public auction to the highest bidder, my residence in Marlinton my household and kitchen furniture, cook stove, heating stoves, carpets, mattocks, bed springs, some beds, and bedding, harness, saddles, farming implements, wagons, etc.

Terms reasonable and made known on day of sale.

H. A. YEAGER.

April 17, 1895.

Commissioner's Notice.

At a Circuit Court convened and held for the county of Pocahontas,

at the court house thereof, on

Thursday, April 4th, 1895.

State of West Virginia

vs.

One hundred acres

and

Eighteen acres

to the master of forfeited lands.

On motion of H. M. Yeager, Com-

missioner of School Lands of this

county, the above cause of the State

of West Virginia vs. One Hundred

Acres and Eighteen Acres is referred

to S. C. McNeil, one of the Com-

missioners of this Court, who shall

take, state and report to court the

above matters of account, etc.

Let whether or not the two

acres set forth in the bill as escheat

up, reported lands, are real

estate and unappropriated.

If waste and unappropriated

or unlocated land exists,

and the things required to be

removed, for a sum of 100 of the

West Virginia 1891, as

set in the Acts of West Vir-

ginia, and proceeding to take

and do all things necessary to

make the same fit for the use

of the public, and to do all

other things required to be

done.

At a Circuit Court, held

on the 4th day of April, 1895,

at the court house of this

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We notice in the *Charleston Daily Mail* that Hon. Geo. H. Bent will start a Democratic meeting at Charleston.

Miss Waller, East, is busy raising the personal property of the town and school districts, as deputy of C. O. Arbogast.

At Staunton, Rev. Hiltz was found guilty of the murder of Harry Weeks and sentenced to confinement in the penitentiary for twelve years.

Messrs. A. M. McLaughlin and M. D. McLaughlin brought a large drove of cattle to their place in Elk, from their Greenbrier home this week.

The cattle are being driven to the grazing lands. Drivers are coming from Virginia and other points, and the bluegrass country of West Pennsonton will soon be full of feed cattle.

The rain that fell on night of the 7th of this month seemed to have been particularly heavy on the head waters of Elk and Valley Rivers, and these rivers were higher than they have been for years.

Attention is called to the advertisement of the Warwick place near this town which is offered for rent. This is a finely improved farm, containing of about two hundred acres of fine soil, and is in first class condition.

There is a report of general circulation that Pete Kramer, the man witness in the Colling murder case, was drowned between Marlinton and Ronceverte. He started from this place on April 5th, in a slight skiff and has not been heard from since. Having word direct from Ronceverte, we may safely say that the report has no truth in it.

In Charleston last week a hold took place, Col. A. D. MacCorkle, brother of Governor MacCorkle, chartered a special train to carry he and his intended to Ohio when they were united in marriage. The lady was Miss Anna Comatack, a prominent society leader of Charleston. The elopement was quite a success, and a great improvement over the old-fashioned style riding horses to death through the mud.

Col. R. S. Turk, of Stanutton, the owner of the old court-house building at Hoovertsville, is actively engaged in establishing a school at that place. The village of Hoovertsville is admirably adapted to furnish the site of a good school, being beautifully situated and possessing suitable buildings for the accommodation of any number of students.

The character of a school Col. Turk has in mind is on the plan of a normal, and destined to fit young men and women for the promotion of teaching or for entering a college, as well as to furnish a business course, with typewriting and stenography for those who do not go to college.

Some changes are being expected in the ownership and management of the hotel proprietors of this town soon.

BY THE HARDEST.

Marlinton Wins Again from Mingo. A Fight to the Finish.

Once again the carefully trained athletes of our progressive town have met the burly Englishmen on the field and after a hard-fought battle of ninety minutes won the football game by the score of 2:0. This event closes the season.

One peculiarity of this game which has grown so popular in the last few years with our muscular race, is that there are dozens who prefer to see the game played to playing, and this was never more fully proven than in the game of last Saturday. About three hundred persons, among whom were many Indians, watched the game during a driving storm of snow and rain, hail and sleet, which almost blinded the players. At one time the ground was covered with hail-stones as large as bird's eggs. But the people stayed and shone themselves into a pretty state of hoarseness. Marlinton did not lack for "rooters," but the muddy roads and heavy rains had kept the Pocahontas partisans away, and the people of Randolph shouted right loudly for their own county.

The teams seemed to be evenly matched, and when the first half ended it was plain to be seen that the game would go to the side which outwinded the other. Skill and strength seemed balanced, and Marlinton—we had gone to Mingo to win—had only one hope left and that was in endurance. It did not prove a false one, and in the last few minutes the pace seemed to tell on several of the Mingo men, and the ball stayed dangerously near the Mingo goal. Finally within six minutes of the finish, the ball was actually crowded through the goal and though the tremendous resistance of the giant backs of Mingo said "no thoroughfare," the Marlinton forwards supported by their backs would not acknowledge this and so "we fetched her."

"One goal begets another," and though the time given us was but four minutes, another goal was made by a long low shot by Lew Yeager which the Mingo goal keeper failed to stop, much to his distress.

The game was admirably umpired by Mr. Arthur Lawson, a true lover of sport, and to whose indefatigable efforts much is due for the many interesting events in the way of out door sports which have become institutions in the English colony at Mingo. Mr. Lanly Tuke and Mr. Ricketts acted as linesmen.

Enough cannot be said of the unbounded hospitality and kindness of the English gentlemen of Mingo, to the Marlinton citizens who were their visitors last week. Everything had been provided for their comfort and entertainment, and our boys returned highly gratified by their reception. The decorations of the field were very striking. The goal posts and bars were painted in the colors of the two nations represented—red, white and blue, and the confines of the ground were marked by the "Stars and Stripes" and "Union Jacks." The Mingo linesmen waved a red flag, and the Marlinton linesmen a blue one. The bright scarlet uniforms of Mingo contrasted well with the dark blue of the home team.

The Teams lined up as shown by the table below:

Marlinton. Mingo.

FORWARD. Hobden, E. Wilson, N. Price.

McAtee, Marshall, A. Price, (C.)

LEFT WING. (Gates, L. Yeager,

Barber, H. (Capt.) A. Bush,

HALF BACKS. Tompkins, Anderson,

Dakota, J. Yeager,

Hale, Smith,

FULL BACKS. H. Bush, W. Yeager,

J. Yeager, McLaughlin,

McLaughlin, (Guardian of the line)

and the line of defense at Mingo, was enjoyed by

the Marlinton players.

Additional locks are provided

for all doors, but they are placed

and arranged, while the corridor is

empty, and while the doors are

locked by the bolts, the lever box is

provided with tell-tale sounding

devices requiring all levers to be

thrown and also locked to their

places before the door of the box

can be closed. The bolts are also

arranged so that they cannot be

opened while the door is open, all of

which is to preclude mistake or

negligence by the jailer. The

steel bars of the walls are com-

pletely overlaid with twisted re-

wire, and the floor is made of

solid stone and the walls are

thoroughly cemented.

THE NEW JAIL.

A DESCRIPTION OF ITS CONVENiences.

BY THE ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR.

Look of space prevents reference to the many special features of the jail construction, which are the result of many years of experience and investigation, but the cage material is a combination of tensile or "blow proof" steel and crucible or "saw proof" steel, and the report of Peck's best metal worker, Robert Burns, appointed by the Board of Commissioners to fully test every tool proof bar in these cells, established the fact that every one, aggregating upwards of a thousand, has had seven trials, and is tool proof and satisfactory.

The Manly Manufacturing Co. of Dalton, Georgia, the only jail manufacturers in the South, who contracted for and completed the entire work, state that this is the first instance in which such careful scrutiny has been given by county officials.

Those of the tax payers who are capable of judging the work, say it is undoubtedly creditable to all concerned, and pleased many of those who have examined it, and *TIMESS* gives this sketch and these illustrations for the benefit of those who can not make a personal examination of the building.

Dunmore.

Everything seems to be on the move. Mr. Isaac Klein and son moved on their farm; Mr. John Dressard, of Frost, moved this week to Beverly; Rev. S. L. Potter moved to his new field of labor; we understand that Rev. Maxwell will be in this week. Even the post office was moved from Swecker's to the store at Dunmore. If some men owned the whole world they would not be satisfied unless they owned a potato patch on the other side. Marlinton men stand a poor chance with some people in this end of the county.

We see some fine improvements in Green Bank. Messrs. J. H. Corry and W. H. Holl are putting in fine sidewalk in front of their premises.

Mr. J. P. Woodell will start Wednesday for his spring goods; Mr. George D. Oliver is in Baltimore this week laying in his spring and summer stock.

Mario Gom has moved to Frost and will open up a new store.

Mr. Ed. McLaughlin is able to be out again.

A Sunday School has been organized at Baxter Church, with Mr. Ed. McLaughlin as Superintendent. Let all attend.

Some of our roads need work badly. The big rains played thunder with them.

Swimmers & Kaleely moved their sawmill to C. L. Moore's, on Browns Creek.

Mr. John Beverge is building lumber for his new house.

Mr. John A. Noel is building a fine residence for himself.

Died—At her home on the morning of the 16th last, Kate Daugherty, wife of Isaac Daugherty, aged about 40 years. She leaves several small children.

Miss Kittie Lakin is spending the week on Clover Creek.

Mr. William Pritchard, of Stanutton is visiting friends here.

The dogs played the devil with Charley Pritchard's sheep and Dan Taylor sent ten of them to his Winchester.

Mr. Jake McLaughlin was thrown from his horse last week and stove up a few tuohes.

Mr. F. M. Dilley moved to Pendleton county last week.

TOM SAWYER.

Green Bank.

We are having nice weather after our Easter storm.

Mr. G. D. Oliver is in the East, in markets buying goods.

Rev. C. L. Potter was among his many friends at this place last week.

Mr. Maxwell and family are expected at the pursued on the 18th last.

Mrs. S. C. Sutton, whose life was despaired of, we are glad to say is some better.

Mr. James Stretch who has been sick is better.

Dr. C. L. Austin is expected home on the 18th last. His many friends will be glad to see him.

The funeral of Mr. J. G. Sutton will be prepared at this place on the 21st by Rev. C. C. Arbogast.

Will some reader of the *TIMESS* tell what the names of Moses and Anna's father and mother were. By answering through the *TIMESS*, you will oblige.

Mr. C. O. Arbogast is advertising and advertising stock, all on the main road. Charles is a butcher.

Mr. Fred. Hause has turned his barn into a granary last week, on the 18th.

What Baby wants are given her. Baby has a new doll, \$1.00, and for Christmas. When our babies are old enough to use, we will give them the same.

What Baby wants are given her.

According to Prinler's Ink, it would cost \$12,150 to put a ten-line advertisement in all the newspapers to this country.

More than 600 plans have been sent in for the construction of the Paris exposition of 1867, and it is proposed to have them exhibited in the Palais d'Industrie, which is the only gallery large enough to contain them.

Competition between Eastern and Western farmers is yearly growing less, declares the New York Tribune. In years past the Western man had the advantage of cheap lands; but the Eastern farmer has the advantage of a ready market.

The San Francisco Chronicle feels that Alpine climbers will read with disquiet of the proposed railroad and elevator to the very summit of the Sierras. Time was, and it was not so many years ago, that this mountain was regarded as a dangerous peak and the fact of climbing it was not worthy. Since then the Matterhorn and other Alpine peaks have taken its place in the ambition of mountain climbers. With a railroad to the summit and a hotel perched on the topmost point of this historical mountain much of the romance will go out of Alpine climbing. The Cool's tourist is fatal to the enthusiasm of travel.

James M. Glenn, President of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, writes in the North American Review: "The South this season has been favored with an enormous crop of cotton and an exceptionally large production of corn, with also an excellent yield of tobacco, and although market prices may be low, especially as to cotton, the fact remains that the cost of production, taking into consideration not only the question of labor, but recognizing the complete utilization of the by-product which was formerly wasted, is now greatly reduced, and the net result is a favorable one. The sugar interest, it is to be hoped, may steadily continue in advancement, accompanied ultimately with remunerative results. The production of rice in the South is extending, and will undoubtedly assume very greatly enlarged proportions in the near future. The lumber resources of the South are being brought more and more into prominence, attracting capital for its preparation for market, widening the employment of labor, and adding to the available wealth of the community."

Devotion to the old Shinto faith is not extinct in Japan, and a great temple at Kioto, on which ten years and many millions have been expended, is still incomplete, and work upon it is suspended even in the time of the greatest war which the country has ever had upon its hands. The women of that country give signs of their piety in this work by contributing portions of their hair, which are braided into cables and used in the transportation of material to be employed in the construction of the building. Of these a large number have been woven in the work accompanying the structure at Kioto, but more are forthcoming, showing a spirit of zeal and sacrifice among the women there which the New York Tribune believes not to be exhibited by any of the missionaries among them, or by the builders of shrines and temples anywhere. Shintoism is the old faith of Japan before the introduction of Buddhism and the Confucian philosophy, and does not now absorb a large part of the religious inspiration of the country, but still preserves a measure of vitality enough to build a new temple now and then amidst the ruins of the old ones and supply them that in spite of the indifference of the people the lamp of the old faith still burns.

There is a real advance made of man in civilization, and we are in that sense more advanced than we were a century ago. The world is more advanced than it was a century ago, and we are more advanced than we were a century ago.

THE OLD MEETING HOUSE 1821-1831

The Was blithely in stately strength,
Streams rippled soft below,
At those long gone Sabbath days,
One hundred years ago.

When it boughs crumpled, rootless walls,
Where birds sit to and fro,
The Quaker fathers worshipped God
One hundred years ago.

And word of truth, or praise, or prayer,
In measured tone, and slow,
Was spoken as the spirit moved
One hundred years ago.

Here many a calm and sunny brow
Revealed by heaven's own glow,
And caught the promised peace of God
One hundred years ago.

Perhaps just here the sunshine fell
On golden heads below,
Where children lifted patient eyes
One hundred years ago.

Here youth and maidens timid sat
In silent, decorous row,
Ere, as to-day, Love stole his glances
One hundred years ago.

In ancient graves, where trailing vines
And tender wild flowers grow,
Sleep those whose footsteps thither turned
One hundred years ago.

Long here these dear trees have stood,
And only rains now
The temple holy to the Lord
One hundred years ago.

But transient simple faith abides,
Though centuries onward flow—
The fathers did not build in vain
Who reared this modest, lone, fair
One hundred years ago.

—Lucy B. Fleming, in Harper's Bazaar.

A LEAP FOR LUCRE.

BY THOMAS S. BLACKWELL.



WHEN the gallant "Green Lancers" got the route from gray, "Near, Dirty Dublin" for the West of Ireland, it was looked upon by the younger members of that sporting corps as something akin to penal servitude.

"Blasted bore," lisped Charley Nugent, the last-joined sub, as he pulled viciously at an imaginary mustache, "didn't it?" and he looked appealingly round on his brother officers, who were lounging about the ante-room at Island Bridge Barracks.

"Look here, youngster," growled the Major from his lair on the sofa, "you don't know what's good for you. It will be the saving of you boys to get away from the late hours and confectionery that you are indulging in here. 'The Wild West' is not half bad."

"Tell us all about it, Major," came in a chorus from "the boys."

"The Major" was an authority on all subjects in the "Green Lancers." It was a love affair, some detail of regimental duty, a financial difficulty, or one of the many complications peculiar to "young bloods," "the Major" was always the trusted guide, philosopher and friend.

A perfect man of the world, a thorough soldier and good sportsman, with a kind heart, despite a rather sarcastic turn, he was adored by all the youngsters of the regiment, to whom he was a regular oracle.

"Yes," said the Major, "the West is a jolly place for any fellow with health and bent to enjoy the fun one gets there. The Chief and I were down on detachment in the County Mayo in '81, when boycotting came into fashion.

We had lots of work, to be sure; but we had a splendid good time of it all the same. The best of shooting, riding and sailing sport with the South Mayo bounds. As for hospitality—

there was no end of it, and as for girls! Heigh-ho! it was a lucky thing for the Colonels and I that our old chief then was death on matrimony in the regiment, or we should not be shaking loose legs now. I tell you, boys, if you don't lose your lives over the walls, or your hearts over the girls, you are a tougher lot than you look."

"Any betting fellows down in the wilds there, Major?" drawled Fred Hall, the captain of C Troop, as he languidly crossed the room and joined the group.

"By Jove! Dolly, but you will be in your element. Two men there are ready for any sort of extraordinary wager, and I think will even wake you open your eye. Nothing is too hot or heavy for them."

"I suppose they will," lisped the Captain, in such an innocent, artless way that a roar of laughter went around the room.

Dolly Hall was a man of about seven-and-twenty, with fair, curly hair, light mustache, and face that would have fitted well in place over a hub-drum that accompanied the even-voiced talk of the — Lancers.

He was a mate to Dolly, and they were the best of friends, but he was not with an even hand, as he was over the hard roads in his race to success.

"I have an idea, my dear Major, but I'll come out all right, you'll find."

"But the thing's ridiculous, man, and we'll have a whole, ugly laugh at us," urged the Major.

"Let them laugh, then. Wait

till I think it out over a cigar and you'll see we come out on top after all."

"What the d—l could I do?" he would say in a piteously apologetic tone when asked about an Egyptian exploit.

With plenty of money and an ardent love of sport (in his own peculiar fashion), Hall was never happy unless he had a bet on something. It did not matter what, from a Derby favorite to a cheese maggot race across a plate. Some wonderful betting transactions he had had when he joined the — Lancers, and as he was always pretty certain to be on the winning side, the merriment of his brother officers was natural.

"The Green Lancers" left Dublin for the West, and the Major and a squadron were quartered at Ballinrobe, "Dolly" Hall being one of the officers with him. The gentry (and ladies) of the neighborhood received the gallant Lancers with open arms, and the dependency of the subs quickly vanished. What with salmon fishing, grouse, woodcock and pheasant shooting, and hunting with the South Mayo's, the station was voted a first class one.

Dolly Hall was a particular favorite with both sexes of the natives—the men liked him because he was a rattling good sportsman whatever way you look him, and the ladies made a perfect pot of him from his being so totally different to the men they were in the habit of meeting. When I saw Dolly was a favorite with all I ought to have excepted Giles McCarthy, of Ballyboden, who looked upon the gallant Captain with anything but a favorable eye.

There was no better man to hounds in the county than McCarthy, and chiefly on this account he was the favored squire of the Diana of the district, Rose Mahon. But when Dolly came on the scene McCarthy was nowhere, and the rage of the latter at being deposed, was desperate. What galled him most was that the Captain treated him so coolly, and never appeared in the slightest degree ruffled at the most outting thing that could be said.

Toward the close of the hunting season the Lancers gave a dance at the Barracks, and the country people came in masses to it. The meet of the South Mayo's had been at Ballinrobe that morning, and Rose Mahon and Dolly were in the first flight all through a fast forty minutes from Creagh.

Rose was radiant at the dance. She had got that coveted trophy—the brush—in the morning, and Dolly was her devoted attendant in the evening, dancing more than he had ever been known to since he joined the regiment. Giles McCarthy was not a dancing man, so he was doing well bower, and very dark wall flower he looked.

His black hunter, Owanmore, had never gone so badly with him, and flatly refused to negotiate a small drain he met at the beginning of the run, leaving the disgusted Giles quite out of the hunt.

It was gall and wormwood to him to see that "son of a cockney captain" beside Rose Mahon, smiling away over everything.

Dolly and Miss Mahon were shouting round in a waltz, and brought up just where the glam McCarthy stood.

"Ah! Mr. McCarthy, are you there? I thought you were still in one of those Creagh ditches," said Rose, with a merry laugh. "What on earth came over the redoubtable Owanmore in such a fashion?"

"Neither he nor his master care for bog-trotting, Miss Mahon," replied Giles, looking as black as thunder.

"So Irish, don't you know, Miss Rose—won't have water at any price," lisped Dolly, in the milkiest of tones.

"If you call those bits of potato furrows that we had to-day, water, I don't like it," snarled McCarthy. "But I wish we had you over our side for a day amongst the walls, Captain Hall, and perhaps some of the gilt would come off your gingerbread."

"Why, my dear fellow, I adore walls."

"There are walls, and walls in it. Perhaps you wouldn't adore a good firm foot, caped one," sneered he now furious Giles.

"Oh! That's only a trifle," drawled Dolly. "I'd drive a horse and trap over that."

"You would, would you!" yelled McCarthy. "I'll bet you a hundred you don't!"

"Make it two," was the quiet answer, "and I'll do it within the week."

"Done!" cried Giles.

"Right," said Dolly; and with a "Well well?" to the astonished Rose, they glided off into the waltz again.

The news of the bet went round the ball room like a bit of scandal through a country town. For McCarthy could not repress his jubilation over the soft thing he had got on the English Captain.

"Hang it all! Dolly, what sort of an absurd wager is this I hear you have made with that fellow, Mr. McCarthy?" said the Major, as soon as he could get a chance of speaking to Hall.

"What do you intend doing about it?"

"Have I an idea, my dear Major, but I'll come out all right, you'll find."

"But the thing's ridiculous, man,

and we'll have a whole, ugly laugh at us," urged the Major.

"Let them laugh, then. Wait

till I think it out over a cigar and you'll see we come out on top after all."

"Well, you know it is only making that boor a present of two hundred. However, it is you will have to pay it," said the Major, with an impatience shrug of his shoulders, "and except for the credit of the regiment I suppose it is no business of mine. Another case of a fool and his money."

"Yes, but remember what the Latin poet says: 'Fortuna facit fatus.' And perhaps I may be an idiot that Fortune favors, Major," replied Dolly, in a dreamy sort of way, as he surrendered off to claim Rose Mahon for another waltz.

Nothing was talked of in Mayo for the next couple of days but Captain Hall's extraordinary wager, the general opinion being that he would in the end declare off and pay over the money.

Three days after the ball lottery arrived from McCarthy, reminding Dolly that half the time named had expired, and asking his intention with regard to the bet. "As," he wrote, "it was a play or pay bet, I shall thank you to send me your obsequo for two hundred pounds by Tuesday next, in the event of your not carrying out your part of the business."

The reply to this epistle was:

"Dear Sir—I shall be quite prepared to carry out my part of the business on Monday next if you will drive over here to lunch.

"Yours faithfully,

FRED. HALL.

"Cavalry Barracks, Ballinrobe.

"P. S.—Would you mind driving that clever white-faced chestnut I saw you riding at Claromorristy? You say he is a good rasper. I want such a horse and will buy him if we can agree to a price. F. H."

Many a chuckle had McCarthy and his chums over that letter.

"The scoty of fellow is not content with making me a present of a couple of hundred quid," he said to Peter Blake, "but wants to throw away some more on that old chestnut screw. He's a smart hunter, no doubt, and shows in harness, but no yet would pass him with those hocks. However, if I can knock another fifty or so out of the dandy English Captain, I shall have a good day of it next Monday."

The McCarthyites got up all the money they could at two to one against the Captain. Such good business was it thought that several of them drove over to Ballinrobe on Saturday to see if any of the officers could be found willing to put on some more with them.

They were rather taken aback by the readiness of the Lancers to accommodate them, and the feeling increased to one of real uneasiness, when the Major dropped in and cheerfully remarked that "if all the money wasn't exhausted he didn't mind having a pony" or two or Hall at events."

"Pooh! nonsense!" blurted the confident Giles, when his cronies came back and told him. "These soldiers always try to bluff you. They know right well that their man has not a ghost of a chance, but they won't acknowledge it. Our money is safe enough, never you fear. It's not like us chaps where you could train a horse to the work; big a fool as the fellow is he's not going to smash up a horse, trap and himself, to try if the thing can be done. I'm sorry you didn't get some more on at eve, for it's sure money; you may take my word for it."

"I don't see how we can possibly lose either," said Peter Blake, "but the whole lot of them seemed so cocksure that I couldn't help thinking they had a trump up their sleeve somehow or another."

Monty came and it found Giles McCarthy on his way over to Ballinrobe, driving the white-faced chestnut in a smart, light polo cart. His friends were following him in force, all anxious to see the Englishman lose his wager.

Ahant half a mile outside Ballinrobe who should they meet but Dolly Hall sauntering quietly along the road.

"Ho! McCarthy, glad to see you. Come to win that two hundred pounds off me. I'll take a seat with you up to the barracks if you've no objection."

"Delighted," said Giles, in the best of good-humor at the prospect of pocketing his money, and of making a good deal over the chestnut screw.

"This is the horse you asked me in your note to drive over, Captain."

"Capital rasper," remarked Dolly;

and you say he can jump?"

"Bedad! he can. The wall isn't built in Mayo that would stop the

same horse. I never knew him turn from a fence and he's good for ten Irish miles an hour, between the slants."

"Just the thing to suit me," said Dolly. "What's his price?"

"Well, I don't care to sell him at all; but I'll give him to you at £50 and he's the cheapest horse in Ireland at the money."

"Say £50 pounds and it's a deal," replied Dolly. "Would you mind letting me have the ribbons till I see how he feels?"

"With pleasure," said the delighted Giles, as he saw a certain smile in the Major.

"You'll know what he is the minute you take a hold of him."

Dolly professed to be greatly pleased, praised mouth, style and pace, and declared that the horse was worth the price asked for him.

"But the thing's ridiculous, man,

and we'll have a whole, ugly laugh at us," urged the Major.

"Just then they can take another

turn where a turn was made into a road leading to the barracks.

With a shout that could be heard a mile away, Dolly brought the whip down sharply on the chestnut, who received such unusual treatment by a couple of wild plunges and dashed round a boulder in the road, where, not thirty yards in front of them, was a stone wall built right across their path.

"Stop! stop!" yelled Giles. "Are you mad?" and he tried to seize the reins from the Captain, but Dolly leant to one side, and holding his arm well out prevented his getting hold of them.

Another shout, and the chestnut went at the wall like a rocket. Then came a spring, a crash, and a confused heap of wreckage on the off side. Dolly was the first to struggle to his feet from the debris, and should to McCarthy, who was doubled up in a thick clump of blackthorn by the road side:

"I've won my bet, McCarthy! I'll give you £100 for the lot now, and will thank you for the balance." Half a dozen heads were now seen looking over the walls on both sides of the road,

RULER OF JAPAN.

CIVILIZATION HAS CREDIT INTO HIS SUMPTUOUS HOME

His Own Arms of Palaces and His
Imperial Weather—His
Doll—Life—Empress
and Crown Prince.

THERE is no ruler in the world excepting, perhaps, the Czar, as interesting to-day as the Emperor of Japan, writes Frank Carpenter. He has moved from his capital, Tokio, 400 miles away, to his naval station at Taku, where he has practically taken charge of his arms. Parliament and cabinet are with him, and he is in the naval and military capitals to-day. No monarch in the world is less understood. The only news little about him. You will be surprised when I get back to you.

The present Emperor of Japan was born a sort of mass cage, figuratively speaking, during the first of his life. He is forty years old, and was put in the cage at the age of fifteen. This was when the Shogun was still master, hereditary of the army, and was practically the ruler of Japan. At that time the Mikado was so holy that no one could touch his name. When it was necessary to write it a letter was sent from reverence. He was, like the Emperor of China, a sort of a Son

of the sun, thrown into one. Some are called with the most magnificent emblems.



THE CROWN PRINCE.

The Emperor keeps his eye on everything. He rises early and breakfasts at about 7 o'clock. He uses a knife and fork whenever he takes foreign food, but he prefers the chopsticks at his Japanese dinners. He eats both kinds of food and is very fond of rice, taking it with every meal. He likes meats and is by no means averse to sweets. He usually eats his breakfast alone and also his lunch. His dinner is served in tabloid style, with all the European accompaniments. Contrary to the regular practice in Japanese families, his wife often sits at the table with him, and also the Crown Prince. His work begins as



NOBLE JAPANESE GIRLS FROM A SCHOOL FOUNDED BY THE EMPRESS.

In heaven. He was kept in his big palace, surrounded by a lot of servants. Whenever he went out it was in a closed car, consequently he knew nothing whatever of what was going on in Japan. His throne looked more like a four-poster bedstead than anything else. It was covered with fine white silk, but the Emperor sat cross-legged on the floor, with a couple of swords beside him. I had to take off my shoes before I was admitted into the palace, and I walked for a mile on soft matting floors. The palace is altogether Japanese in structure. It has sliding walls covered with gold leaf, and it is decorated with paintings by the old Japanese masters. It was in this palace the Emperor received the foreigners for the first time about twenty-six years ago.

The home of the Mikado at Tokio is far different from these old Japanese palaces in Kyoto. He has a vast estate right in the center of the city, made up of hill and valley, containing lakes and woods and vast one-story palaces. It is surrounded by three roads, some of which are crossed by marble bridges, and at all of which you find soldiers in modern uniforms. These roads are in places from 100 to 200 feet wide. They are filled with water, and magnificent lotus flowers float upon them on sheets of green leaves.

His palaces are now a combination of Europe and Japan. They cost \$2,000,000. The walls of many of these

soon as his breakfast is over. From 9 until 12 he receives his Ministers. After this he takes his lunch, and then spends a little time in reading newspapers. He watches closely the Japanese press, keeps track of current public opinion, and, I venture to say,



THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

changes his actions somewhat to suit it. All the papers are looked over for him, and the passages he should see are marked. Ordinary misstatements or criticisms he passes over, but if a newspaper becomes at all dangerous, he gives an order to his censors, and the newspaper is stopped, while its editors are liable to be thrown into prison.

The Mikado is by no means a poor man. He receives about \$4,000,000 a year to keep up his palace and his splendid retinue, and he has besides a large private fortune. Mr. Banbury, the Grand Master of Ceremonies, told me that he was a good business man. He has a great deal of money in public land.

The Emperor of Japan is entitled to be considered the most aristocratic ruler on earth. The royal family of Japan has a general crest which reaches to heaven, and their traditions state that the Emperor comes from the gods. There have been 121 Emperors of Japan, and they all belong to this family. The first one

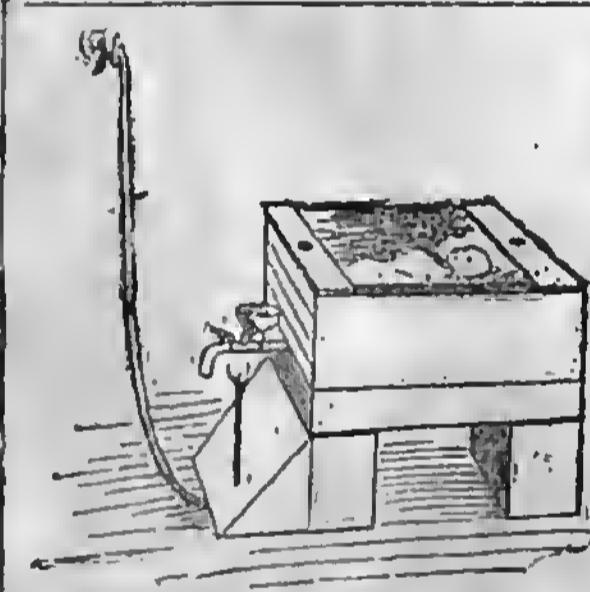
was on the throne long before Jesus Christ, and 300 years before Alexander the Great thought he had conquered the world. The Japanese will assure you that the Mikado is a direct descendant of the first Emperor, Jimmu Tenno.

Any other royal family would have run out in less than this time, especially in an isolated country like Japan, but the Japanese have a law by which the Emperor cannot marry one of his own family. He has to marry the daughter of one of the court nobles. The Empress, therefore, is not of royal blood. She is the daughter of Ichijo Takada. She is a very bright woman, and was but eighteen years old at the time she was married. This was away back in 1868, when foreign ways had not yet obtained in the empire. Her Majesty wore at that time Japanese clothes, and she followed, I am told, the custom of shaving off her eyebrows and blackening her teeth. Later on, however, her Majesty changed her ideas about this matter, and her eyebrows have again grown out and her teeth are as white as those of an American girl. She is at the front of all movements for the introduction of the Western civilization; especially any innovation that promises to better the condition of Japanese women. She has hospitals and schools, for she is one of the most charitable of monarchs. She is not fond of society, and she is almost as busy as the Emperor. She has her own secretaries, and her time is taken up with reading, study, receptions and charitable work. She is very fond of riding.

There are a number of ladies connected with the palaces at Tokio, who, like many wild flowers, are "born to blush unseen," though they do not "waste their sweetness on the desert air." I refer to the secondary wives of the Emperor. You hear nothing about these in Tokio, for they are kept as much as possible in the background. But from time immemorial the Emperor has been allotted a certain number of secondary wives and there are, I am told, twelve of these in the palace grounds. They have establishments of their own, and are the daughters of nobles. The Crown Prince is the son of one of them, his mother's name being Mme. Yanagiwara.

The Crown Prince was sixteen years old last September. He is a very bright boy, dark faced and almond eyed, of the most pronounced Japanese type. He has an establishment of his own inside the palace grounds, with his own servants, guards and attendants.

A Tube-Fed Incubator Infant.
The addition to the Babies' Hospital, in New York, was formally opened recently.



THE INCUBATOR BABY.

The hospital, as well as the addition, says the New York World, has been thoroughly furnished. The first floor contains three wards besides the nursery. This was the gift of Mrs. Brice Gray, Jr. The second floor contains a diet kitchen and four wards. These wards were the gifts of Mrs. John Hune, Mrs. Joseph Low, Mrs. B. O. Chisholm and Mrs. Ed. Kompi. The third floor contains one ward and a playroom furnished by Mrs. H. Landau. An incubator baby was shown. It is fed by a rubber tube attached to its stomach.

A curious parlour game often exists between the sea anemone and the hermit crab. The latter always has an anemone fastened to his shell, and when he changes his quarters he takes his anemone along, provided he can detach it from the old shell.

Bonnet was originally the name for a man's head covering.

A Man's View.



The high hats were bad enough—

The Goulds in Gotham's "Four Hundred."

George Jay Gould, eldest son of the "Little Wizard of Wall street," has won success in a field which baffled his famous father. Not only has he proved a power in financial circles and controlled with prudence and sagacity the vast millions left under his direction, but he has become a leader in the social world. He and his wife, formerly Miss Edith Kingdon,



GEORGE J. GOULD.

actress, lived in modest retirement after the death of Jay Gould until last summer, when they signaled their entrance into society by taking the Vigilant to Europe to participate in the international yacht races. They met with a distinct social success, and upon their return to New York the prestige acquired across the water

HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCE.

INITIAL LETTERS.

An easy way of putting large initial letters on pillow-cases, pillow-shams and towels is to use white carbonation braid to cover the stamped lines. The braid is so woven that when applied it has much the effect of raised or padded embroidery. It should be wet and dried before using to prevent shrinking. It is applied to the pattern by sewing it "over and over." The same braid is very pretty when used to outline a pattern on the border of a tea-cloth, either on white or colored linen or denim.—New York Post.

THE BREAKFAST OATMEAL.

Mrs. Rorer gives a succinct and simple formula that is infallible if carefully followed: Add four heaping table-spoonfuls oatmeal to one quart of boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt; mix, and put the whole in a double boiler. Fill the lower boiler with boiling water, stand the inside boiler in this, and boil rapidly twenty minutes, then push the boiler to one side of the range, and cook slowly over night. The oatmeal must not be stirred after the first mixing—it cannot burn in a double boiler, unless the under boiler becomes dry—as the stirring makes the mush sticky or waxy, and also spoils its flavor. Oatmeal made after this receipt will be light, each grain separate, but swollen to three times its original size, and will have a delicious flavor. Turn it out carefully into the dish, without stirring or breaking the grains.—American Cultivator.

DUSTING.

The ideal maid is the maid who dusts properly. But where do we find our ideals? Not in our own parlors, as a rule, but in parlors of other women, who do the dusting themselves.

The carol housekeeper will have faded upholstery, dull woodwork and badly defaced carving unless she is willing to pay the price of eternal vigilance. She must go over everything herself when she has a new maid and insist on that worthy looking and listening attentively. She must give her a feather duster, soft silk old handkerchiefs for the piano and the polished mahogany, and cheesecloth duster for ordinary use. The marbles and ornaments must have a separate inster from the furniture, and a large soft piece of muslin can be used to polish the picture glasses with. A camomile and a little oil do for finishing touches for the mahogany and polished oak and a soft brush must be used to penetrate the crevices of carvings. A whisk broom is also necessary for the upholstered furniture, and a can dust heater is well used twice a week.—New York Advertiser.

THE SOURING OF MILK.

A professor in the Michigan Agricultural College speaks of atmospheric microbes from the foul air of stables getting into milk and causing it to "sour and spoil." This language implies that the souring of milk must of necessity result from its contact with air that is impure.

Instead of this the souring is always the result of contact of the milk with the oxygen of the atmosphere. There are always some impurities in air, and these cause it to spoil, the oxygen making this spoiling more rapid. If all impurities could be kept out of milk, it would sour without spoiling. But when milk is in contact with air no matter how pure it may seem, this is impossible. Souring thus necessarily means that the milk will continue to ferment until it becomes rotten or spoiled. The Michigan professor, however, makes a mistake in suggesting the possibility of milking through tubes into close cans, in order to keep out the injurious microbes always found in the air. The air always fills the open space in the cows' teats, and thus the milk even before it leaves them must have some impurities. The only way to have milk entirely pure is to sterilize it by subjecting it to enough heat to destroy all injurious microbes. No can in milking can ever entirely prevent their entrance into it.—Bon-ton Cultivator.

SCURVY.

Salt Mackerel Broiled.—Soak the mackerel for a while in lukewarm water; take up and wipe dry. Dip in melted butter, then in beaten egg, and roll in bread crumbs. Broil or serve with lemon juice and parsley, or melted d'hotel butter.

St. George Pudding.—One cup of raisins, suet and molasses, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of allspice, one teaspoonful mace, two eggs. Boil or steam four hours. Serve with wine sauce.

Rusk.—Melt half a pound of butter and mix it with two-thirds of a pint of milk, add flour to make a thick batter and three tablespoonsfuls of yeast. Set the batter in a warm place until light. Beat two eggs with half a pound of granulated sugar and work it into the batter with the hand. Add a teaspoonful each of salt and cinnamon, and flour enough to make it sufficiently stiff to mould into cakes the size of biscuits. Let them rise till a spongy lightness. Bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.



—but the high hats and big sleeves are simply too much.—Truth

"Beaver" is a very popular name in Pennsylvania, twenty-one towns bearing it in their names.

The 121 largest cities in the country show a steady uniform decrease in the average size of the family.

The New York Advertiser thinks it significant that the greatest divines preach the shortest sermons.

Dr. Carroll estimates that 20,000,000 religious services, not concluding the Sunday school, are held every year in the United States, and that 10,000,000 sermons are preached in 165,000 places of worship.

A large wholesale manufacturer of corsets says that there is a large and increasing demand for men's stays, and that many doctors are recommending their male patients to wear corsets as a cure for round shoulders or a weak back.

Public Opinion states that M. Raffaelli, the celebrated French artist, in an interview recently, expressed the opinion that the decadence in French art was due to social causes. For the future of art he considers America the most promising country.

The New York Advertiser says a very large number of the clergy now read from type-written sermons, either doing the work themselves or dictating it to some member of the family taught to operate the machine. There is a popular impression that these type-written sermons facilitate "good delivery."

The Petit Journal hits at the New York Herald for stating that in case of a war between England and France, the latter country might, if her cause were just, "count upon the sympathy of one-third of the American citizens." "Then, the other two-thirds," quoth the Petit Journal, "would be against us, though our cause were just."

A French paper reports that at Vicksburg, Miss., a drunken man kicked his wife, causing her death. Filled with remorse, he had the guilty leg amputated, and out of the bones constructed a cross which he planted on the grave of his victim. And since then he has gone daily on a wooden log to the cemetery to pray before the bone cross. "Touching, isn't it, this French story?" comments the incredulous New York Press.

Sir Henry Wrixon, of Victoria, Australia, who is now in this country for the purpose of studying its labor conditions, paid the following tribute to the United States Supreme Court the other day: "We recognize the Supreme Court of the United States as one of the greatest judicial institutions in the world. Its decisions command the greatest respect in every English court. While its decisions may not have the same technical precision as those in England, they are broader in principle and are recognized as fountain heads of the greatest principles of law."

Professor Heinrich Gosseken, writing in the Nineteenth Century, says that Germany has a war treasure of \$90,000,000 in coined gold lying in the Julian Tower of Spandau, a much larger sum than Cesar deposited and Mark Antony extorted from the temple of Ope; and that the other great Powers, France, England, Russia, and perhaps Austria, have each alike gold, more or less ready for instant use in the emergency of war. "If we credit these Powers with the same reserve as that possessed by Prussia," the New York Tribune estimates, "it withdraws from the commerce and currency of the world \$150,000,000 in gold, which is after all only about forty cents per capita for all the population of Europe, and is not so ruinous as at first glance it might appear to be. Taken altogether, it is only an inconsiderable fraction of the cost of our Civil War, or the indemnity paid by France to Prussia after the campaign of Sedan and the downfall of the Empire. It is a good deal of money to be sure, to be kept in idleness, drawing no interest, and making no figure in bank balances, but it is sure to get into circulation again some time, and warm up the material flow of the world's commerce, as it ought to do, instead of lying idle in the crypts of fortresses."

THIS OLD COUNTRY.

Flood times or bad times, we're with this country still—
With her on the mountain top, or sitting down the hill!
Don't care how corn's a sellin'—if cotton's high or low,
This old country, brethren, is the best one that we know!

Good times or bad times, we're with this country still—
Every time we feel her shake, we have a friendly chill!
Don't care how things is goin'—nor how the tempests blow,
This here old country, brethren, is the best one that we know!

Good times or bad times, we're with this country still—
With her when we sow the grain, an' when we go to mill.
Don't care what's in the future—we'll whist when we go,
For this old country, brethren, is the best one that we know!

—Atlanta Constitution.

MARY VERNER'S ROMANCE.



EARLY curtains of darkness were swiftly enveloping the Great White canyon. Mary Verner pulled down the little window of the postoffice, of which she was the mistress, swept the contents of the narrow counter into a drawer, which she locked, then, pinning a broad-leaved hat above the brown curls that clustered about her brow, she passed out of her log cabin into the fresh, sweet, evening air.

As she reached the low fence which ran before her house a hurried footstep sounded through the gathering gloom, and a woman's voice said:

"Is that you, Mary, my girl? You look little more than a ghost under the shadow of those bushes."

The girl—young and slender and graceful as a fawn—ran out into the lonely road.

"You've kept your promise, dearest, and come to see me," she cried, as she threw herself into the arms of her lover.

Renben Halse kissed the red lips so frankly offered him before he spoke.

"Yes, Mary, I've kept my promise, but I've come to say 'good-bye'!"

"Good-bye—good-bye! You're going away? You're going to leave me—your sweetheart—your wife that is to be?" She clasped her arms closely about him and trembled like a leaf.

"My dear little girl, don't cry—don't grieve. You've been my sweet-heart, faithful and true, but we can never marry."

The strong man's voice broke and died into silence.

"Go on; tell me the worst," sobbed the girl in his arms.

"Listen, dear. You know that lately things have gone wrong with me. The bit of money I'd earned for our wedding in the fall was stolen, and then the cabin I'd built for you down by the Blue Pools was burnt. Still there was the farm stock and your little purse of savings left, but the drought has killed the stock and—oh, Mary, how can I tell you?"

Mary drew apart from her lover and steadied her trembling form against the garden fence.

"Some one has robbed you of the money I gave you. Oh! my poor hoy—!" She stretched forth her pitying hands toward the man before her, who only bowed his head and shuffled his feet in the thick white dust.

"Tell me, Rouhen, tell me how it happened. Ah, surely you are not thinking I shall blame you for such a misfortune," and once more she crept to his side.

But Renben thrust her from him.

"'Twas no misfortune; 'twas a crime. Your little savings, those few coins you've starved and scraped to keep, lie there."

He pointed with his lean, brown hand down the canyon to where, amidst a dense mass of foliage, a few lights twinkled.

Mary staggered.

"Down there? At Ffolliott's!"

"Aye, lass—at Ffolliott's! I left it all at faro last night."

For a moment no sound but the evening breeze whispering among the creepers and bushes and the harsh note of a night bird broke the silence. Then a woman's voice, tender and low and full of tears, murmured: "Rube, dear Rube, I forgive you."

Renben Halse hung his arms above his head and gave a little cry.

"Don't, Mary, don't. I rather you would strike me!"

The stars twinkled their diamond eyes on the man and girl as they said farewell. For Rouhen had settled to leave the canyon that night.

"Bill Redfern, One-Eyed Sammy and Joe the Portuguese are going, too. We're all broke, and may as well starve out there," and he waved his hand toward the wide forest land of Arizona, "as in this canyon here. Don't nob so, my girl, you'll break my heart. I'm not worth a tear from

your pretty eyes or a choke in your white throat. But, Mary, you might pray for me sometimes, and when you're married to a good chap as don't go to Ffolliott's and neglect his farm for the tables and the bar, think of me, who loved you, but was not worthy to have you."

One kiss on her brow, then a clatter of galloping hoofs, and Mary Verner was free to go back into her log cabin and sob out her heart till the dawn.

Renben Halse and his companion had left the Great White canyon for a week. Mary's cheeks, never very full of color, had grown pale and heavy, and blue lines beneath her large eyes told of sleepless nights and many things for him.

Yet, Paul Harding—"Beauty" Paul, as he was called in the canyon—thought he had never seen Mary so lovely, as he clattered up to the door of the postoffice one morning, and asked the young postmistress if there was anything for him.

He watched, with his handsome dark eyes, her small white fingers go through the letters lying on the counter before her.

But she finally shook her head.

"Nothing for you to-day." Yet Paul seemed loath to go. He pulled his long, tawny mustache, jingled his spurred boots upon the floor, and continued to stare through the pigeon-hole window at the girl, as she flitted about her usual business.

"Anything I can do for you?" she asked him presently.

"No," Paul said slowly, taking in every detail of the girl's pretty figure, clad in a cotton frock of gentian blue. "But might I speak to you one minute—privately?"

"You can say what you've got to say where you are."

He stared silently, first at his boots, and as his eyes wandered up they lit on the snowy shelves of bright and simple utensils and shining saucepans which lined the walls.

"How different you keep your place from what a man's shanty is!"

But she stayed his compliments.

"You live down by the Blue Pools, don't you?"

"Yes, next to Renben Halse till his place was burnt out and he came into my shanty. I saw Rube three days back."

"You saw Rube?" Mary clasped her hands above her heart.

"Yes. He and his chums passed through Long Tom's ranch. I've been out there this two months past helping him brand and count the cattle. Rube told me that you and he had parted and the reason why. He asked me to look after you a bit. You see, we'd been good pals, and I'd like to do him a turn when he's gone under. You will let me look after you now and again, won't you, for Rube's sake?"

The handsome cowboy, straight as a dart, tall and strong as a giant, clad in the picturesquely rough clothes of his calling, bent like a reed before the tony blue-clad figure of the post-mistress, who laid a slender white hand in his great palm and lit her violet eyes to his dark ones.

"Surely, Paul Harding, for Rube's sake, you may look after me when I can't look after myself."

With that soft glance burning in his brain and those gentle words pulsing in his ears, "Beauty" Paul swung himself into his peaked saddle and sent his horse full speed down the hill to Ffolliott's saloon.

It was for Rube's sake that the following Sunday Paul dressed himself in his best, brought a little two-wheeled cart, gay with bells and bright colors, to Mary's door and asked her to drive out with him.

The day was fair, and "Beauty" Paul amused her with stories of Rube, and when they came to an end he told her of his own home, in the heart of a green county in England. He made her laugh with his tales of college life, and shuddered with his description of the campaign in Egypt, which he had gone through. Only he did not tell her how he, no English gentleman and a gallant officer, came to be losng and drinking and gambling away his days and his health in the Great White canyon. Paul Harding—degraded as he was, and lacking in reverence for women—at least had too much respect for the little post-mistress to tell her that black page in his life.

The day was an entire success, but it left a bitter after-taste in Mary's mouth when she heard the next morning that Paul had spent the night at Ffolliott's, drinking and brawling till dawn.

The next Sunday Mary shut herself within her log cabin, and neither the blue sky nor the gay cart and smartly caparisoned horse nor "Beauty" Paul himself could wheedle her out. She would not be seen, she said sternly, with one of Ffolliott's lot. She, however, relented and forgave him on his promise to amend for her sake.

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Mary heard of it and refused to speak to or look at him. Then it was that he flung himself before her one day, and prayed her to save him from that from which he was powerless to save himself—from drink and sin and bad companions. And she did what other good women have done before her and will do again. She placed her hand in his and, with her heart full of Rube Halse, she promised to marry Paul—for his soul's sake.

All through that long, bitter winter she held to her promise. At Christmas he broke from her control, and she did not speak to him for days, but abandoned by forgiving. When he was with Mary he vowed not to set foot in Ffolliott's again, never to taste another drop of whisky, nor look at a card. But once beyond the sound of her low voice, the touch of her small hand, and his resolutions melted like the winter snows.

The eve of their marriage day arrived and with it Paul's allowance from England. The occasion and the opportunity suggested a carouse and Paul informed the "boys" he would be standing treat at Ffolliott's that night for the last time. The bar was soon crowded, for the "Beauty" was just the song-singing, yarn-telling, whisky-drinking bunch who would be popular among the wild crew, especially as he stood treat so long as the bar-tender would stand him.

Paul was full of liquor—he had drunk Mary's health with every man in the place—and he was also full of luck for once in a way. A pile of gold lay before him on the table and he was just proposing another round in Mary's honor, when big Bill Redfern strode in and was greeted with a shout of "Halloo, Bill—you back! What luu's, pard?"

"Lock, my lad! I leave luck to fools and deadhearts. I've been working and, thank God, I've worked for something. I've put my sweat and muscle into the ground and I've struck ore! None of your dust or pockets, but a vein as broad as an ox's back and as long as a river, an' so I've come back with Rube!"

Paul looked up with a start. His eyes flashed and he seemed to grow sober in a moment as the situation presented itself. Here was he drunk in a gambling hell on the eve of his marriage with Mary and Rube had come back.

"What did you say?" he muttered. "I said Rube and I had come back. But don't let me distract the game."

"The game is up!" cried Paul with an oath as he struck the table and made the money jingle.

"Had bad luck, eh?" said Bill. "Sorry for you."

"Keep your sorrow to yourself and your partner, Rouhen Halse."

"Come, come," said Bill, good-humoredly, have a drink; I'm standing treat, and as to Rube, here's his health and Mary's!"

"I'm standing treat!" shouted Paul, springing up. "Have a drink with me!" And with this he flung his liquor in Bill's face and made a rash at him.

A pistol flashed, a pale blue puff of smoke died in the air, and "Beauty" Paul lay stone dead on Ffolliott's floor.

Some of them went up to the post-office to break the news to Mary. There was a light in the window, and by it they saw Rube and she sitting talking. Quietly, and with bowed heads, they left the cottage and returned to Ffolliott's without fulfilling their mission.

Next day a rough-and-ready jury, having reconsidered all the circumstances of the case and with due appreciation of Bill Redfern's well-known prowess as a dead shot, decided that Paul had courted on purpose a certain death, and they returned a verdict of "suicide while of unsound mind."—Chicago Times.

"I notice the restaurant near the theater entices people to eat in the restaurant and the restaurant is always crowded with people," said a waiter.

"Fayles is a restaurant that is always crowded with people," said a waiter.

"How's that?" asked a waiter.

"He never orders exactly the same menu every time he comes in," said a waiter.

"Mrs. Brown is a restaurant that is always crowded with people," said a waiter.

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EQUAL SUFFRAGE

WOMEN TOOK PART IN THE ELECTION IN COLORADO.

They Not Only Voted Themselves, But Invited Upon the Men Voting Seats at the Polls.

WOMEN voted for all candidates at the recent election in Colorado. A Denver letter to the New York Sun describes the scenes and incidents on Election Day as follows:

The total vote in Colorado was in round numbers 150,000 this year. Two years ago it was 80,000, although 1892 was a presidential year and there was a strong desire to make a stand for the silver cause. Furthermore, times were good in 1892, and the mining districts were more populous than at this election. The phenomenal increase in votes over two years ago does not indicate an increase in population in Colorado. Facts disproved that. The women voted to fully ninety per cent. of their registration, and their enthusiasm was reflected in

to go elsewhere to find discord and trouble.

The lines for the first two or three hours contained from 100 to 200 voters, but by 11 o'clock the rush was ended, and then during the remaining



Mrs. N. R. STEVENS. MARTHA A. PEARCE, Pioneers Women Suffragists.

hours the polls were practically deserted. An occasional voter would drop in, cast his ballot, and depart as quietly as he had come. Women in pairs and in small parties would enter the booths, prepare their ballots, deposit them in the boxes, and go without a word. There was a general expression of satisfaction on their faces.

The women were more expeditious in voting than were the men. They voted straight ballots, which required



the awakened interest taken by the male voters.

All over the State on the eve of Election Day the women went to bed early with one prominent thought in their minds. They would go to the polls on the morrow; they would go early for fear that some unforeseen circumstance might rob them of the opportunity to vote. This sentiment was shared by the men, who took rather a humorous interest in the experiment. Had it not been for the interest taken by the women of the household many men would not have bothered about voting at all, to say nothing of getting out early to vote.

In Denver by half-past 6 o'clock in the morning every voting precinct, from Capitol Hill to the Platte River bottom, presented an interesting spectacle. Men and women of all sorts and conditions had assembled to await the opening of the polls at 7 o'clock. The air was crisp at that hour, but the workingman was used to the chill of early morning, their wives and daughters, wrapped in shawls and cloaks of rather antiquated style, were unmindful of the cool air, while the late risers of the fashionable districts for once realized the beauty of an early morning in Colorado. D. E. Moffat, President of the First National Bank and one of the wealthiest men in Colorado, was

the placing of a single "X" alongside the party emblem. The men were slower and more deliberate. In one precinct twenty-six voters were cast in twenty minutes, of which seventeen were by women. The average in many precincts was one a minute. Never was so much straight-ticket voting done. Few ballots were spoiled, and the reports of the election judges indicate that more men had to be assisted to vote than women. Yet in the counting only a very small percentage of error was discovered. One vote showed that the voter, evidently a woman, had voted for every candidate on every ticket by placing an X in every space. A few had placed the cross opposite the name of the candidate for Governor instead of the designated place, beside the party emblem.

Women in Denver were unusually well prepared for Election Day, for they had been playing at election for weeks. In almost every precinct mock elections had been conducted. Sample ballots were used, and all the accessories of judges, clerks and poll-watchers were employed. Many women voted again and again until they were thoroughly familiar with the Australian ballot, which in Colorado is rather a complicated affair. Intelligent people learned how to vote a scratch ballot properly, and many



IN THE VOTING BOOTH.

out with his wife before the polls opened and stood in line with the day laborer awaiting his turn to vote. In many instances a family of several voters, including the servants, went in a body to the polls.

Few women had to go to the polls unattended. They went to the voting booths as they would go to the theatre or church with escorts. Often one man would have several women under his charge. The utmost good humor and good order prevailed. In the bright sunlight of the early morning the long lines of men and women were a curious study. Everybody was chattering familiarly with his neighbor, not of the issues of the day nor with an idea of influencing votes, but of the breakfast just eaten, or of the unique experience which each was enjoying. A mounted police officer appearing would be chaffed and told

not so, though the majority of ballots in every precinct were straight party votes.

The remarkable feature of early voting was observed all over the State. In Cripple Creek, especially, the early morning lines were very long. In mining camps and in quiet country precincts the women turned out early and generally with escorts. There, as in Denver, the desire of the women to vote induced the men to go to the polls quite generally. That more women voted in Colorado than men would be an absurd statement. Nor can it be said that the percentage of female voters exceeded that of the males, but the undisputed fact remains that this time the women thoroughly aroused the men and caused them to cast a heavier vote everywhere than heretofore.

As the Election Day waned the wo-

men and business men stirred themselves to draw in the few stragglers. Women in canoes and in open buggies rode from house to house insisting that the laggards must come out. In one precinct in the residence district of Capitol Hill only two registered voters failed to vote. The sick were carried to the polls; the busy man was hunted out and persuaded to take time to vote. In several instances women made repeated visits until they had forced the indifferent to the polls.

One old lady had declared upon hearing the news that women had received the franchise that she hoped she might die before one of her daughters disgraced her by going to the polls. As the campaign progressed she became interested so that, as a consequence, she was among the early voters at the polls on Election Day, and cast her ballot before her daughters did. The sentiment in favor of woman suffrage grew by reason of the general interest in the election. It was a growth from above to below. The best people of the State took up the matter first, and then the ignorant, the indifferent and those who had opposed woman suffrage were compelled to acknowledge that the act of voting did not degrade women in the slightest degree.

Transporting Goods in Colombia.

Consul Pellet, of Barranquilla, Colombia, writes as follows to the State Department at Washington:

From the several landings on the river (save at Puerto Berrio, whence a railroad extends several miles into the country) goods are transported on mule back. Sometimes light, fragile goods are taken on the backs of Indian women, a broad hempen strap passing across the forehead. I have seen many of them marching "Indian file" over the mountains to Bogota. Packages for inland transportation should not weigh over 125 pounds. Two of such packages constitute a "carga," or a beast's burden.

Pinons are transported over the mountains by Indians, the instrument being slung to long, stout poles. The Indians are divided into relays. To the near-by villages goods are transported on "barros" (donkeys), as shown in the illustration. I have seen a drove of these patient little an-



imals coming in from Sahanaigua, twelve leagues distant, each bearing two bales of cotton weighing 125 pounds apiece, having neither stopped nor rested by the way.

Gladstone's Unmarried Daughter.

William E. Gladstone has a daughter, Miss Helen, who is worthy the name. The ex-Premier's sons, exclusive of Herbert, have been quiet men, preferring the life of a clergyman or a country gentleman to great careers, but Miss Helen is an active worker in all fields. She is one of three girls, the other two being married, and she has five brothers, all grown to manhood.

Miss Gladstone's work has been

principally in the direction of higher education for women. She has done a great deal to give advantages to the daughters of the poor but respectable working people of the country around Haverhill, and her efforts to open colleges to both sexes have in several cases been rewarded. She is not unlike her father in appearance. She has the same broad, philosophic



mouth, and the same calm, argumentative eyes. If Miss Gladstone is a woman of great prominence, for she is declared to have commonplace men,

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TO WASH PRINTS.

Calico, gingham and chambray cannot be properly washed along with the white clothes. They need a much quicker process, and the long delays of an ordinary washday would ruin them.

To get the colors out the dress a few minutes before beginning the regular washing. If there is much pink, purple, lavender or green in the goods, strong cold alum water is the best. For reds, yellows, browns and the like, use about one ounce of sugar of lead to a gallon of water. For black and white combinations, whether striped or in the form of gray, dissolve two handfuls of salt in a tub of cold water.

Do not use boiling but merely warm water to wash colored cottons. Powdered borax is better than soap to clean them, for it does not affect the colors. Then wash hastily through warm bran water, rinse twice, blue if the colors require bluing, wring, starch on the wrong side with well-made, smooth starch, and hang in a breezy but sunny place until the dresses are absolutely dry. The sun would fade the colors. Sprinkle even and finely, but not too much, raffia away for awhile, and then iron the untrimmed parts on the wrong side; ruffles, tucks and the like on the right.—American Agriculturist.

ART IN BREADMAKING.

At the same lesson where Mrs. Rorer treated Vienna bread she also took up whole wheat bread, which is considered extremely nutritious and wholesome.

It was a noticeable fact that the dough and sponge of the whole wheat bread was entirely different from that of the Vienna. In the pan it was weighty to the touch, and on the kneading board proved itself far from elastic. The whole wheat is the grain rebbed of the husk. It is nitrogenous and contains phosphates, therfore it is most nutritious, and away and beyond the white bread in the matter of healthful properties. The recipe for this is one quart of liquid, which may be one-half milk and one-half water. Scald the milk and add the water to it. When lukewarm add one cake of dissolved yeast, one teaspoonful of salt and sufficient whole wheat flour to make dough, like white bread. Knead until soft and elastic, cover in a bowl or pan and let it stand three hours, then mould, put in greased snare pan and stand aside for one hour; after which bake in a moderately slow oven.

A flour rich in gluten soon becomes elastic. Keep the sponge at the first kneading at a temperature of sixty-eight to seventy degrees. To make sure of your yeast, never use a cake that is the least bit soft or has any other odor than that which belongs to it by nature. This square loaf requires a slow oven, the more slender Vienna form a quick one.

In home-made yeast there is a mingling of weeds, as yeast of this order is noncultivated, while in the German variety all the weeds have been expunged, and in one tiny cake there are ten thousand times as many yeast germs as in a cup of home-made yeast.

Corn bread was next taken up, and the recipe for that was given as follows: One-half pint of boiling water, mixed with one-half pint of corn flour until the combination is free from lumps and is perfectly smooth. Add one-half cup of milk and place on the fire, cooking until it is scalded; add one-half a yeast cake, one-half a teaspoonful of salt and sufficient wheat flour to make a thin dough.

Add this flour slowly and finally tip the bowl toward you and beat vigorously for a few minutes. Nearly all bread requires kneading, and this portion of the process of bread making is largely the secret of its success or failure. It should be done lightly, delicately, but very thoroughly, and with the ball of the hand.—New York Journal.

RECIPES.

Cocoanut Pyramids—Whip the whites of five eggs as for icing, add one pound of powdered sugar while doing this until it will stand alone, then beat in one cup of grated cocoanut. Shape into pyramids upon a dish and serve.

Hickory-Nut Macaroons—To one and a half cupfuls of hickory-nut meats ponced fine add ground allspice and nutmeg to taste. Make a frosting as for cakes, stir in the meats and spices. Flour the hands and roll the mixture into balls about the size of a nutmeg. Lay them on fine well-buttered, giving room to spread; bake in a quick oven. Use washed butter for greasing the tins, as lard or salt butter gives an unpleasant taste.

Beefsteak and Oysters—For a steak of from two to three pounds use a quart of oysters, from which all bits of shell have been removed. Boil the steak without salting it, as quickly as possible, placing it close to a very hot fire; as soon as it is brown season with salt and pepper, put it on a hot platter and pour over it the oysters. Lay on the oysters about two tablespoonsfuls of butter cut in half-inch pieces, and put the dish into a very hot oven until the oysters are done, which will be as soon as their edges begin to curl. Serve the dish hot at once.

AS MRS. MOTHER USED TO DO.

Recited her pastimes, and he found truth with her voice, she wished she'd make each bloom as his mother used to make; she didn't make the dishes and she didn't make a stew, nor even mend his stockings, as his mother used to do.

His mother had six children, but by night her work was done; his wife seemed drowsy always, yet she only had the one. His mother always was well dressed, his wife would be so too. If only she would manage as his mother used to do.

Ab, well! She was not perfect, then she tried to do her best. Coffin length she thought her time best come to have a rest, so when one day he went the same old road miles all through, the turned and took his coat, just as his mother used to do.

—Robbinbothunder: 11-12

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A blanket mortgage finishes but a poor house-warming.—Puck.

Alce—"Beauty is hot skin down Mand (epitically)—"Who told you?"—Puck.

The man that rides you: pockets should be shot-gunned.—Danville (N. Y.) Breeze.

A man may be beside himself, and yet have no idea how ridiculous he looks.—Puck.

The man next door always has an advantage over me. That's in his neighbors.—Puck.

"The Missing Link"—The one the log stole in the bologna sausage factory.—Daarville (N. Y.) Breeze.

The virtues made of necessity always appear as if the material couldn't have been very abundant.—Puck.

"Is Miss Elder's hair artificial?" "Oh, no; it is human hair." "I mean it is her own?" "Certainly; she bought it."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

And now the busy office man will find out duty more: Whenever it's cold he'll have to roll. "Come back and close the door."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mrs. Placid—"Where were you last night?" Mr. P.—"At a stag party, my dear." "I thought so when I heard you staggering upstairs."—Philadelphia Record.

Friend—"Are you superstitious? Do you believe in signs?" Successful Merchant—"No; newspaper advertisements are better, and cheaper."—Printers' Ink.

A man may think he adores a woman. But his love is put to a terrible strain when she asks him to button her shoes with a hairpin.—New York Herald.

Tailor—"I hear that you have paid my rival, while you owe me for two soles." Student—"Who dares to accuse me of such a preposterous thing?"—Fliegende Blätter.

Trivett—"You knew Charlie Dunnigan, didn't you?" Dior—"He went West and was lynched." Trivett—"Is that really so? Well, Dunnigan always was high strung."—Harlem Life.

One little girl in the slums—"Why say she died of?" The other one—"Eating a tuppenny ice on the top of of puddin'." The first mentioned—"Lord! what a jolly death."—Tid-Bite.

Tongh—"Have you got pull enough in Washington to git a patent fer me?" Patent Lawyer—"What is your invention?" Tongh—"It's a pneumatic tire fer perlice clubs."—Good News.

McSwinters—"Is Giangboru a finished author?" McSwinters—"Yes, you see, he called on Woolly, of the Howler, and called him a liar; and—well, you know Woolly."—Brooklyn Post.

Old Friend—"Seems to me you are paying your cook pretty stiff wages." Jimson—"Have to; if I don't shill leave, and then my wife will have to do the cooking herself."—New York Weekly.

Clerk—"Here's some of the fresh cracked wheat. Would you like a package of it?" Mrs. Newash—"Young men, when I want damaged goods I'll let you know."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mr. Workday—"Oh, I do so like to see a good, strong, determined man." Mr. Workday (straightening)—"So do I, my dear." Mrs. W.—"John, the coal hod is empty."—Boston Courier.

"You are charged with having voted five times in one day," said the Judge, sternly. "I am charged, am I?" repeated the prisoner. "That's mighty odd. I expected to be paid for it."—New York Sun.

Miss Do Fashion (a few years hence)—"You are wanted at the telephone." Mrs. Do Fashion—"Oh, dear! I presume it's Mrs. Do Style, to return my telephone call. I hope she won't talk long."—New York Weekly.

He (pleadingly)—"Why can't we be married right away?" She (coyly)—"Oh, I can't bear to leave father alone just yet." He (earnestly)—"But, my darling, he has had such a long, long time." She (tearfully)—"Sir!"—Brooklyn Life.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PATTERSON, EDITOR
Martinton, Friday, April 26, 1895

A Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription One Dollar in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Martinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

A bill of law declaring the Wallowa election law unconstitutional, has been handed down by the Supreme Court of Virginia. The law is practically the same as our Australian system of voting.

In New York city, Mayor Strong who was elected by the lavish use of the word reform, has disappointed his constituents by refusing to turn the Tammany office-holders out. He has made only 200 changes out of a possible 17,000.

Beef is higher in the city markets at this time than it has been for twenty-three years. Many of our stockmen are taking the country for all manner of stock which will be fit to ship this fall. Others who have gained the reputation of being equally long-headed, remark that "many a man has been busted just that way," and are fearful that it is no special sign of a better market this fall.

PROFESSOR GARNER, the man who professed to understand the monkey language, has been exposed. He recently went to the Congo to dwell in the jungles and take down stenographic notes of what he overheard, intending to divulge the most sacred secrets of the most respectable of monkey families. Instead of doing this, he took lodgings with a missionary, and proceeded to make up his lies out of his head. The missionary came to France and denounced him not only as an imposter in science but as a regular sponge in the way of a visitor. Garner evidently believes in writing a book about things no one knows any thing about.

WOOL clothing is cheaper now than ever before in the history of the world. This does not afford the wool growers of this country much satisfaction. No one expects any great advance in the price of wool this year over the price last year. The production of wool is unlike that of any other crop. It is merely an incident of sheep raising and its production depends almost wholly on the price of mutton. If wool were not an article of commerce, still it would be produced and clipped even though it was only to be destroyed or considered merely waste matter. This is a complication not often taken into consideration when the price of wool is in question.

THE Supreme Court of Illinois has called down infinite blame upon its head for its recent decision declaring the law unconstitutional which restricts women employed in factories from working more than eight hours per day. The court held that the time of a woman was her property to dispose of as she will, and that no restrictions could be placed upon it.

Mr. J. W. Hovenor, of Doe Hill, brought a drove of 58 cattle out to Kick Mountain to summer. Also Mr. J. W. Hovenor, of Hightown, brought a drove of sixty.

Miss Sarah Simmons, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Ed. Hedrick, of Thorn Grove, has come home to attend school. We won't tell who brought her!

Rev. C. R. GOODMAN has commenced his evangelical labors in Pocahontas County, West Virginia. His work lies in a rugged county lying on the summits of the Alleghenies, and among the rough mountainous of that section. But recently a couple of desperadoes met at the county seat and engaged in a fusilade of rifles and small arms in which both were killed. The people are used to such occurrences, and simply ran away and hid until the outlaws were done butchering each other. With such characters does the Rev. Goodman have to deal and whom he will endeavor to reach as frauds are afeared from the burning. May he abundantly blessed in his labors to the wish of The Christian Record.

NOTICE Having just arrived from the eastern market, where I have been to buy a general stock of goods, I will be in town on Saturday, April 27, to sell the same. I will be glad to see you.

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It seems certain from newspaper reports that some eight months ago a mistake was made by the authorities of the insane asylum at Weston, which is not at all pleasant to contemplate. A female inmate died, and Christopher Terrick, of Ritchie county, was notified that his wife, who has been an inmate of the asylum for several years, was dead. He brought the body home and it was interred as the body of his wife. It turns out now that Terrick's wife is still alive. There must have been a remarkable resemblance between the two women. This incident, if true, illustrates how dead to the world is the insane person, when even their identification depends on their keepers.

The Marble of Pocahontas.

Mr. B. M. Yeager has recently been investigating the quantity and quality of the marble discovered last year on Capt. William L. McNeil's farm, near Academy.

Specimens have been sent by Capt. McNeil to several of the great capitalists of West Virginia, and all have pronounced it a very valuable variety of Tennessee marble. It varies in color from black to red, the black being considered the most valuable.

This monied man seemed to scout the idea that any quantity of marble could be found in this county, and said they could only be convinced when they saw a piece from this county too big to have been carried in by hand. The result of Mr. Yeager's investigation convinces him that the vein extends through the entire length of West Pocahontas. He found a vein 12 feet in thickness on farms owned by himself and R. B. Kerr, in upper Pocahontas, fifty or more miles from where Captain McNeil has opened his prospective quarry. He has taken a big box of samples to the city with him to ascertain the value.

Our Dramatic President.

When the ministers of the Baltimore Conference went to see President Cleveland, on his special invitation, Rev. John A. Taylor, of this county was named as the man who should act as spokesman for the body of ministers. The President afforded them a very gracious reception, and it was one of the great events of the visit to Washington. Mr. Taylor made a few appropriate remarks saying that the prayers of the Conference were with him and his Congress. The President tried to give them a very kindly look and quell them with his eye and said most solemnly, "Gentlemen, your prayers are needed!" The ministers didn't care worth a cent, and the fat President must have failed to make himself impressive, for the preachers broke out into one big laugh, and so we suppose that the President is more of a comedian than a tragedian.

Rich Mountain Items.

We have been having very changeable weather. Saturday before Easter we had snow, sleet, rain, and sunshin.

Mr. J. W. Hovenor, of Doe Hill, brought a drove of 58 cattle out to Kick Mountain to summer. Also Mr. J. W. Hovenor, of Hightown, brought a drove of sixty.

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The Evolution of the News Item.

Nothing affords keener interest than to read the great number of West Virginia newspapers. They are the indicators of the state of affairs in their respective counties, and readers see what is filling the minds of the people of the different sections, as far as he has any business to know. Of minor interest is the watching the evolution of the News Item as it is printed for many a weary week, gathering interest as it makes its round. To illustrate the point, we will suppose there has been an occurrence in this county which, the local press reports, and the exchanges copy as follows:

"YESTERDAY Bill Stone and Ed. Blaine had an altercation on the street, having fallen out over a trifling matter, and blows passed. They were soon separated and fined by the Mayor \$1 each and costs."—*Pocahontas Post*.

"IN Pocahontas County, last week Messrs. William Stone and Edward Blaine, two prominent citizens, met at the county seat and engaged in fistfights, having fallen out over a woman. Both were badly bruised, and arrested and fined \$10 each and costs."—*Greenbrier Gossiper*.

"A BLOODY battle took place in Pocahontas County, last week, between William Stone and Edward Blaine, two extensive stock raisers of that county. They fell out concerning the ownership of a steer. Stone struck Blaine with his cane, Blaine returned the blow, and a desperate fight ensued. Blaine had his ear bitten off, Stone was left unconscious on the field, and both were bound over to await the action of the grand jury."—*Hardy Hustler*.

"LAST week, two prominent landowners named Stone and Blaine of Pocahontas County, came to the Clerk's office to settle a controversy concerning a tract of land. They got into a dispute and soon opened hostilities. Stone threw a paper-weight at Blaine and knocked him down, and jumped on him and trampled him most brutally. The County Clerk, who tried to separate them, was dangerously cut by Blaine, and both were badly injured. Stone was arrested, and gave bail for his appearance at Court in the sum of \$1000."—*Mountain Multiplier*.

"NEWS has reached us of a bloody affray in Pocahontas County. Yesterday Big Bill Stone and "Cap" Ed. Blaine, two noted desperadoes from Bitler Creek, came into the county seat of that county and met on the main street of the town. Bad blood existed between the two young men on account of a rivalry occasioned by both paying attention to old man Dave Sundown's pretty daughter, Pamelia. Both were armed with revolvers. "Big Bill" concealed himself behind a horse-block, and "Cap" took refuge behind an empty coal barrel. They both fired a number of times without effect, and the street was deserted. Finally they threw their revolvers away, by mutual consent, and advanced to have it out with their fists. "Cap" Blaine had a spring dirk with which he stabbed "Big Bill," who was trying to open his pocket knife. Stone came to recover, and Blaine has been wounded to jail and bail refused."—*Wheeling Register*.

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Commissioner's Sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the second day of April, 1895, in the chancery cause of Jas. V. Cuckley's et al. v. Jas. T. Rose, the undersigned special Commissioner will proceed to sell on the 18th day of June, 1895, in front of the court house door of Pocahontas County, at public auction, to the highest bidder, the tract of land conveyed by James V. Cuckley to the said James T. Rose, in the bill and proceedings in *chancery cause mentioned*. This land is situated upon the waters of Stamping Creek adjoining the lands of A. D. Holmes' estate, the lands formerly owned by Charles Stewart, and others, is very fertile and well watered and has upon it a comfortable dwelling and necessary outbuildings.

TERMS OF SALE:—sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale, and the residue upon a credit of 6 and 12 months, the purchaser giving bonds with approved personal security for the deferred payments, bearing interest from date, and liable to be retained until all the purchase money is paid. N. C. MCNEIL, Special Commissioner.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk, at 941] Clerk.

Commissioner's Notice.

AT a Circuit Court continued and held for the county of Pocahontas, at the court-house thereof, on Thursday, April 4th, 1895.

State of West Virginia
vs.
One hundred acres
and
Fifteen acres

In the matter of forfeited lands.

On motion of B. M. Yeager, Com. missioner of School Lands of this county, the above cause of the State of West Virginia vs. One Hundred Acres and Fifteen Acres is referred to N. C. McNeil, one of the Commissioners of this Court, who shall take, state, and report to court the following matters of account, viz:

1st.—Whether or not the two tracts set forth in the bill as waste and unappropriated lands, are real waste and unappropriated.

2d.—If waste and unappropriated the exact location of said tracts, and all other things required to be reported under chapter 105 of the code of West Virginia, 1891, as amended by the Acts of West Virginia, 1893.

But before proceeding to take and state and report he shall publish in the *POCAHONTAS TIMES*, a newspaper published in this county, and post at the front door of the court house for four consecutive weeks, a notice of the time and place of taking said account.

A copy, Teste:

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

The plaintiff and all unknown claimants of any part or parcel of the above named 100 acres and 15 acre tracts of land, will take notice that on the 20th day of May, 1895, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will commence the discharge of my duties under above decree, at which time and place you and each of you, natural and personal, and defend my interests you may have in said tracts of land. Given under my hand this 17th day of April, 1895. N. C. MCNEIL, Commissioner.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

Successors of G. F. Cram-

met, who is employed by the firm.

FEED, LIVERY

—AND—

SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-

Horses Provided.

Horses for Sale and Hire.

SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR

STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horse boards.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses broken to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON,

Marlinton, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent,

Room 10, Kelly Block,

Wheeling, W. Va.

PATTERSON SIMMONS

Marlinton, W. Va.

Plasterer, Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

All persons of a knowing character

to be invited to the undersigned

firm will please take notice that

they are hereby requested to come

forward and set up.

E. L. BLAIS & CO.

LEADER 176.

FRENCH COACH STALLION (IMPORTED)

Black: foaled May 11, 1888; bred by M. Tribout, of Chateauneuf du Pape, department of Vaucluse; got by the government stallion Ciceron II; Dam, Pauprette (brown) by Ongant out of a daughter of Baudin.

This horse, imported by M. W. Dunham, and owned by the undersigned company, will stand an early season in Pocahontas, at the following place, commencing about April 20th:

ACADEMY Joe McNeil's,

EDRAY S. B. Moore's.

(Possibly at CLOVER LICK.)

It is the intention of the owners of this horse to make two seasons with him, giving the earlier season to Pocahontas and the later to Greenbrier.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER CONCERNING "LEADER."

"This breed is conceded by all who are familiar with the subject to be the Arab, Barb, and Turkish horse. Recognizing these facts in my selections I have always refused animals whose pedigree, when analyzed, did not trace in all lines directly to the Oriental origin. In offering you the colt "Leader" I think I can safely say that no horse of any blood possesses pedigree tracing through its different lines so many times to this highly prized blood as does "Leader." I am frank to say that I have never traced one that showed half as many. This colt traces 300 times to the Arab, 464 to the Barb, and 484 to the Turk. This statement may seem incredible to you. I have the documents to prove it, however. If I could substantiate all I say, the colt will not cost you a dollar. I venture to say that you cannot buy another colt in the United States, at any price, has one-twentieth the number of Arab crosses that this one possesses."

Yours very truly,

(Signed) M. W. DUNHAM.

"Leader" is a very handsome horse, stylish must large, and has taken first premium over a large lot in the State of Illinois. The judge said to be crowd that he was the best colt to sell him he had ever seen."

TERMS TO ISSUE: One mare, \$8; two mares, bred by same owner, \$15; three mares, bred by same owner, \$21.

GREENBRIER LIVESTOCK CO.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

No bird of prey has the gift of song. It is estimated that the crow will do over 100,000 tweets every year.

Another curious claim is that there are over 2,000,000 insects in the solar system.

North American agriculturists are experimenting with an electric drying machine for wheat.

Men sometimes inject a poison into the wounds they inflict in order to make the blood then enough to flow through their throats.

It is said that the flesh on the forequarters of the boar resembles that of land animals, while that on the hindquarters has a fishy taste.

A new garage tremotor has just been successfully tested in Chicago in the presence of some New York experts and the Mayor of Chicago.

Cast iron blocks are being tried in some of the most frequented streets of Paris, instead of the granite blocks usually placed alongside tramway rails.

Voluntary muscles are almost always red, involuntary muscles are generally white, the most notable exception in the latter case being the heart.

Professor Weissel, of the Imperial Observatory at Prague, devoted 25 hours to the drawing of the last crater Copernicus. It is from a negative made at the Lick Observatory, California.

Hiram Maxim, the flying machine man, says he will not consider his invention complete until he can have it under perfect control at a point so high that it can neither be seen nor heard by gunners underneath.

Cellar mould on apples—often noticeable—consists of more or less poisonous fungi. Physicians say they have traced cases of diphtheria to the eating of it. All fruits and vegetables should be carefully cleaned, or peeled, at least, if to be eaten raw.

Plamondon, the French astronomer, remarks that our planet, if it were as near to the sun as it is to the moon, would melt like wax under the heat from the solar surface, which is composed of a stratum of luminous dust that floats upon an ocean of very dense gas.

A butterfly, which was found in a dormant state under a rock in the mountains of California, and which is believed to have lived thousands of years, or since the close of one of the later geographical periods, is now in the Smithsonian Institution. When found it was believed to be the only living representative of its species in existence.

It has been decided to use petroleum as locomotive fuel on the Baltic Railroad, which is significant, because this line is almost the most distant of any in Russia from the oil wells. Great reservoirs are to be built in St. Petersburg and Riga and three other stations, which will hold to the aggregate about 5,000,000 gallons.

Dr. Poshon, of Berlin, has examined some 70,000 sick domestic animals in the just seven years, and of this number only 281 suffered from tuberculosis. The parrots were relatively the most frequently affected, twenty-five per cent. of those coming under his care being tuberculous. Of these, only one per cent. showed symptoms of the disease.

Disinfecting a Room.

A writer in the Medical Magazine who has witnessed the Berlin method of disinfecting a room describes the cleaning of an apartment in which a child had died of diphtheria: "Four men were engaged. After everything that could be subjected to steam without detriment had been exposed to the disinfecting station, all the things were removed from the walls, and two men began rubbing these with bread. Ordinary German bread is used, not light bread.

The leaves are cut into substantial chunks about six inches square, the back of each piece

consisting of the crust, thus allowing

the bread to penetrate.

The walls are systematically attacked with strokes

from above downward, and there can

be no question as to the efficacy in

cleaning them, nor does the operation

take as long as one would imagine.

In a week or two the bread is

burned, the walls are thoroughly

disinfected with the personal carbons

of the bread.

After this the walls are thoroughly

washed with a bar of carbons

and a cloth.

The floor is then washed with carbons

and a cloth.

After this the floor is

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Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSH OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF
WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you
have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats,
Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets
Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

—I MEAN BUSINESS—

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the country.

VERY TRULY YOURS

S. W. HOLT.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME.—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this country will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the country.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

—YOU MUST EAT!—

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, **PURE GOODS,**
REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOUR—

REASON

POCKET

HEALTH

{West End
of Bridge.}

P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton, W. Va.

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.
Terms.

per day 1.00
per meal 25
lodging 25

Good accommodations for horses
at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or
month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor

G. C. AMLUNG,
FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER
MARTIN W. VA.

All work guaranteed as to workman-
ship, fit and leather.
Nothing neatly done
Under 10¢ a pair.

BLACKSMITHING

AND

Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARTIN, W. VA.
ON THE HIGH JACKET
OF MORN AND DAWN
BY THE DAWN MY

FIRE FIRE

Peabody Insurance Co.,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Let Us Pray.

(Published by request of Mrs. Lillie
B. Lockridge, of Driscoll, W. Va.)

To the Editor of the State:

It has been decided to hold a
great convention of all the ministers
of all the denominations in the
State of Virginia, in the City of
Richmond about the middle of
June. The object of this conven-
tion is to seek great spiritual
blessings from God on all people and
churches, and preachers; and the
glory of God. It is currently
known as the "Holy Spirit Conven-
tion."

This article is published in order
to make an earnest request to all
Christians everywhere, and especially
in Richmond and Virginia,
to unite in fervent prayer to the
Lord for His guidance and His
precious blessing. It is requested
that mention be made of the con-
vention in prayer meetings, and in
private devotions. The old Chris-
tians and invalid Christians who
cannot attend meetings are earnestly
requested to pray in their homes
for the blessings of the Lord in
this convention. And also let all
the ministers pray for it in private
and in public.

Let not any man, woman or
child, however great, however lowly,
think his or her prayers are not
asked for.

Pray that the churches may send
their pastors and pay their expen-
ses if necessary. Pray that God
may cause the way to open for the
poorly-paid preacher to attend.
Pray that God will give us favor
with the transportation compa-
nies. Pray that God will make
Virginia tremble with His power,
and shake the powers of darkness
out of their places and destroy
them. Pray that there may break
out revivals in every church in Vir-
ginia. Let us all unite and make
one great, glorious prayer-meeting,
whose cries, like burning incense,
may ascend from all hearts to Him
whose "Kingdom ruleth over all."
Pray that the ministers of Virginia
may be wonderfully filled and con-
trolled by the Holy Spirit, and
that such power may be given unto
them, that every-body shall mar-
vel and confess that "the Lord God
omnipotent reigneth."

We would be very glad if any
who comply with this request will
send us a kind word on a postal
card.

And now will the papers, "the
hewers of wood and the drawers of
water" for Israel, help, and let us
add, "the Lord give the word and
great was the company of them
that published it." Will the Rich-
mond, Norfolk, Danville, Lynch-
burg, Roanoke, and Petersburg
papers please publish the above?

Yours in Christ,
JNO. W. DAUGHERTY,
Richmond, Va.

Representing 500 Virginia preach-
ers.

In Poor Health

means so much more than
you imagine—serious and
fatal diseases result from
trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's
greatest gift—health.

If you are feeling
out of sorts—weak
and generally ex-
hausted, nervous,
have no appetite,
and can't work,
begin at once tak-
ing the most effec-
tive strengthening
medicine, which is
Brown's Iron Bitter.
A few bottles
cure—benefit
comes from the
very first dose—
not 1 day goes
forth, fed 10
joints, to take.

Brown's
Iron
Bitters

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Nervous, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get on the Brown's—It has cured
the most difficult cases.
All others are
cured. The record of two
years of the Brown's
Bitter is the best in the
world. It is the best
medicine.

It is the best
medicine.

R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va.

DRUGGIST.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 12, No. 40.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE

Local Directors of Pocahontas

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell; Sheriff, A. M. McRae; Clerk, L. M. Davis; Sheriff, J. C. Chapman; Sheriff, R. K. Burns; Sheriff, County Court, B. L. Brown; Sheriff, County Court, W. H. Patterson; Sheriff, C. O. Arbogast; Sheriff, G. F. Board; Sheriff, County Court, G. M. Kerr; Sheriff, J. A. Harlow; Sheriff, George Baxter; Sheriff, George P. Moore; Sheriff, W. H. Moore, Dr. J. W. Moore, L. M. McClintic, M. J. McNeal; Sheriff, A. C. L. Gaskins, Esq.; Sheriff, Martin Cook, Esq.; Sheriff, H. C. Brown; Sheriff, G. R. Berry; Academy, Mrs. Mary B. Lester.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, third Tuesday in May, and third Tuesday in October. County Court convenes on the first Monday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is my term.

LAW CARDS.

C. MCNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Courts of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

H. M. MCCLINTIC.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW & MUNICIPAL PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas County and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. HERBUCKLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Promises attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas County.

H. A. FRATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given on all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

J. M. H. MCOTT, JR.

LAWYER,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

All the time to receive prompt

PHYSICIAN'S GUIDE

DR. J. CAMPBELL,

DOCTOR,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at the office of his paper.

W. H. ELLIS

REVIEWER & EDITOR,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at the office of his paper.

N. D.

DAY & CO.,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at the office of his paper.

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REVIEWER & EDITOR,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

From recent developments we fear we have slandered Mr. Cleveland in the piece of last week entitled, "Our Dramatic President." This is not the first time he has been reviled, and we hope he will not bear malice. We got the whole thing wrong, and will have to ask those who read it to "forget it."

SENATOR CANNON says not to have a state convention on the silver question before the national Democratic Convention has time to lay down some uniform line of action. It would be awkward if some "Chicago Convention" should have to reconcile the views of forty-four state conventions when it meets next year. We might have a composite view of the silver question when they adjourned.

The Virginia name spelled E-n-o-u-g-h-t-y is pronounced "Darby." This is explained recently in the Richmond *Dispatch*. It seems that the Darbys were a powerful Scotch family who were conquered by one of the Edwards, king of England. In order to humiliate them, a royal edict was issued that they should change their name to "Enroughty." They complied with this decree in the spelling, but when asked how the name was pronounced, always answered "Darby." This seems a very reasonable explanation, and we will ever think of it when we exclaim, "Enroughty and Joan!"

For thousands of years the Sphynx has been a source of wondering admiration, and has become a term expressive of the mysterious. A writer in the eleventh century says in his account "this face is very pleasing, and is of a graceful and beautiful type, one might almost say it smiles winningly." This face is attached to the body of a lion and was perhaps designed to symbolize the blended ideas of power and wisdom. A lady correspondent of the *Wheeling Register* saw this remarkable object last November. It has been much mutilated by a fanatic sheik and the Mamelukes, who used it for a target in their artillery practice. She says, the ears are 4½ feet long, the nose 5 feet 7 inches in length and the mouth 7 feet and 7 inches in breadth. This certainly indicates a massive countenance. This correspondent saw the mummy of Hammon the Great. It measures over six feet and so he must have been a person of large, imposing presence, when in his regular splendor.

There is an account of the celebration of the formation of Mingo county, published in some of the metropolitan papers. Recently the people of Lewis county, West Virginia, held a grand barbecue to celebrate the division of the county. Tables were spread in the street and all traffic was suspended. Hundreds of stalwart mountaineers came in with their wives and children from the mountain round about. A black bear had been seen a mile or two of town, so the people turned in harbors were the place de rendezvous of the feast. The bears had been fed with breast milk, turkey, plums, etc., so as to be all sorts of delicious by the time the tables were set. The

Three of a Kind!

—READ THE ANSWER IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT—

FIVE POINTS OF MERIT

Progressive business ideas.
Honest Business Principles.
New Desirable Goods.
Superior Quality of Goods.
Lowest Possible Prices.

NOTE SOME PRICES.

Calico 40 per yard. Satin 90 and up. Manville Zephyr 120 per yd.
Lawn, White, Black, Both Plain and Fancy 10c and up.
40 in. wide White Lawn 12c. Taffetta Moire 20c.

GENTS. FURNISHING GOODS.

Shirts in Endless Variety 27 Cents and up.
Good Laundried Shirt, in blue, slate or in stripes, 49 cents.

SHOES, SLIPPERS, ETC.

Ladies' Dong. Oxfords, 90c.

" Tan " \$1.60.

Clothing Cheaper than Ever Before. 

Fine all-wool black diagonal suits, \$6.25 & up.

Ladies' Trimmed Hats, 50 cents and up.

Honest dealing has been my success.
Rest assured that I handle nothing but first-class goods. The best proof of my assertions is to come and see. Yours for Bargains,

Marlinton, W. Va.  P. GOLDEN.

Speaking of Goods,
LET US REMIND YOU
OF THE STOCK OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE

OF S. W. HOLT &

He is supplied as usual with attractions for

Spring and Summer.

SEE Our Elegant Line of Dry Goods.
Choicest Lot of Family Groceries.
An Extensive Stock of Notions.
Finest Line of Shoes in the County.

Come in to see us when in town and we will

PUT YOU ON THE TRACK

To Save Money.

Marketable Country Produce Bought and Sold

Road Letting.

SEALED BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED FOR PUTTING IN GOOD REPAIR and tollable order the Hunterville and Warm Springs turnpike from the Lockridge Ford, near D. B. McElwain's residence, to the top of the Alleghany Mountain at the State line, until noon on the 20th day of May, 1895. Bidders to state in bids what they will put the road in tollable order for, and what amount in addition to the tolls they will put said road in tollable order with the privilege of taking tolls on same for a term of 5 years. The court reserves the right to reject any and all bids. B. L. BROWN, Clerk County Court.

Sawmill Burned.

The sawmill owned by W. H. Overholt, of Frankford, at the mouth of Stamping Creek, was destroyed by fire last Friday night. Loss about \$600. The fire was discovered about two in the morning, and though the mill-crew were camping there they could not save the property. This mill was recently established there for the purpose of shipping lumber by way of the river to the railroad, and was doing an extensive business. How the fire originated is not known.

Lighting Hot Dogs—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Said Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Radii, There is No Pain.

It is a fact that the best way to get rid of pain is to have a good meal.

R. MATHERS BOOT & SHOEMAKER,

—HAVING LOCATED IN—

MARLINTON, W. VA. 

Proposes to do first class handmade work promptly and neatly. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed. Retailing neatly and promptly done.

Shop near Marlinton House.

For Sale.

I have at my place near Academy, four male pigs 8 weeks old, for sale at reasonable prices.

These pigs are of the purest thoroughbred Berkshires stock, and were bred by E. J. Wayland, of Virginia. The sow "Lilly May" is a registered animal as is also the sire "Gov. Joe," and these pigs have the right to be entered for registration. Anyone desirous to improve his stock of hogs, will do well to correspond with me, and I can give him the complete pedigree, running back many generations. The sow "Lilly May" took the 1st premium at both of the Staunton fairs last fall under one year old. R. M. Brown, Academy, W. Va.

FOR RENT.—The pasture lands of the heirs of C. E. Warwick, deceased, on Stoney Creek. For terms apply to R. E. L. Doyle, on the premises, or address John C. Warwick, Hinton, W. Va.

PATTERSON SIMMONS
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer, Contractor.
Work done on short notice.

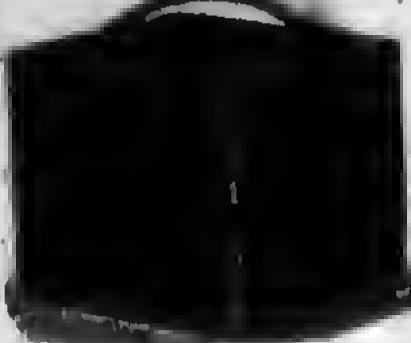
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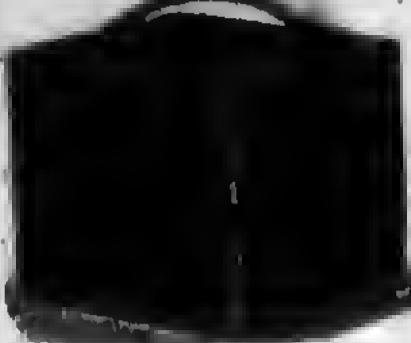
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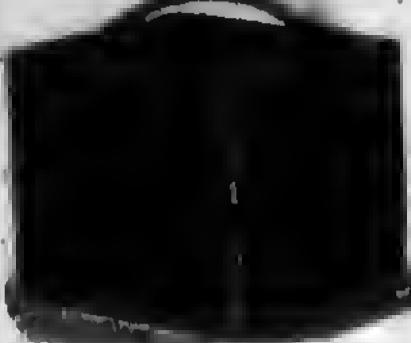
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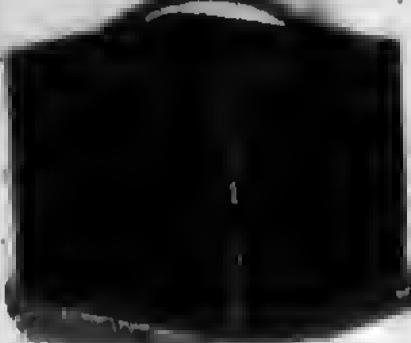
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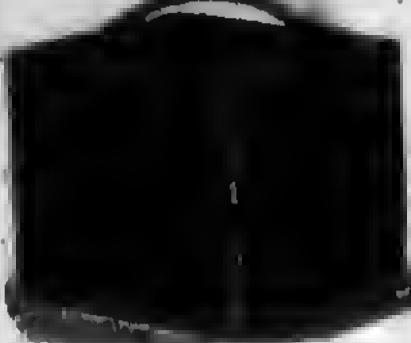
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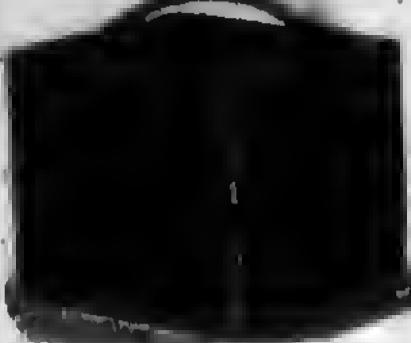


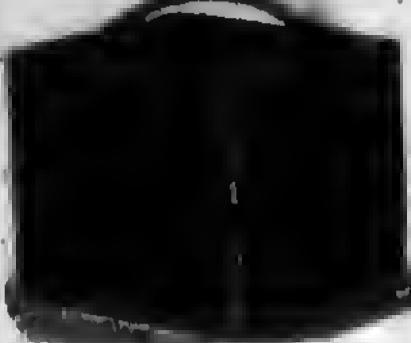


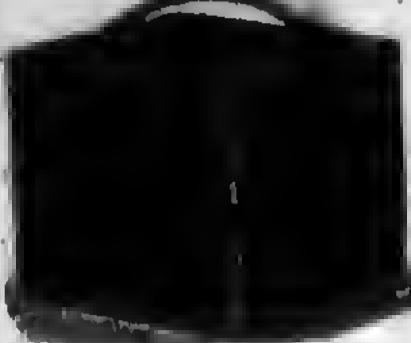


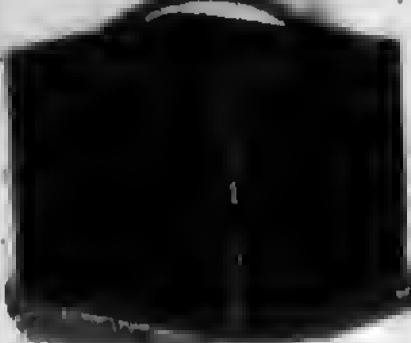


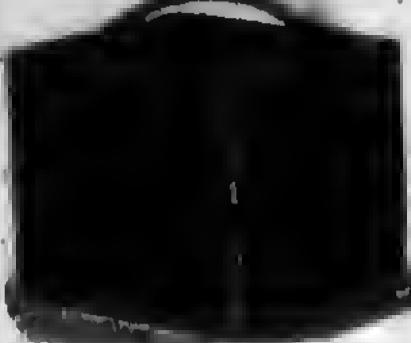


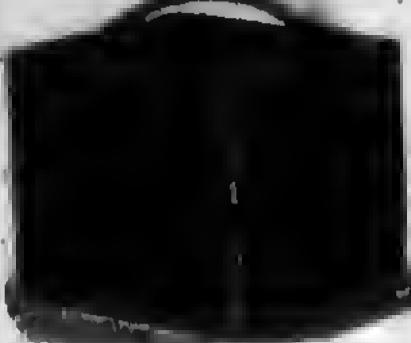


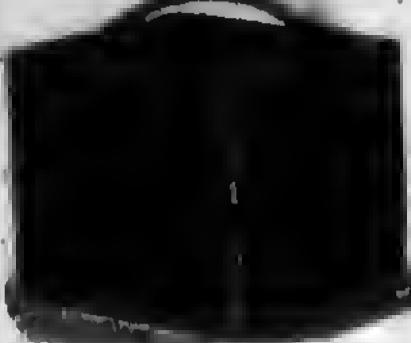


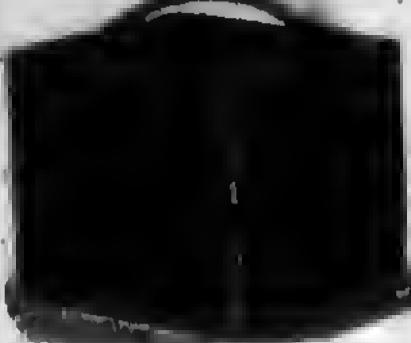


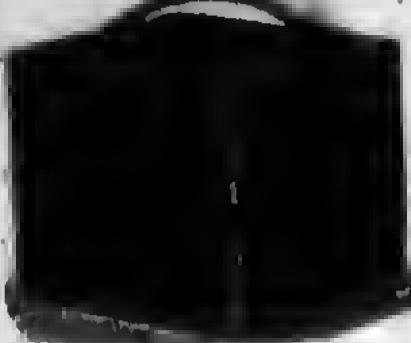


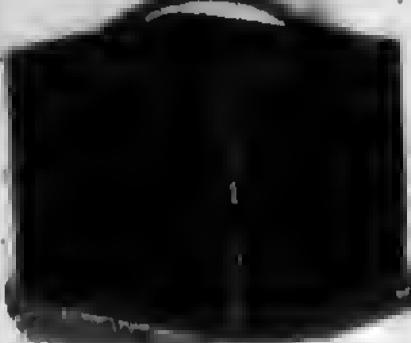


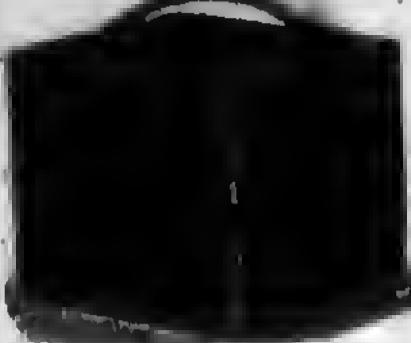


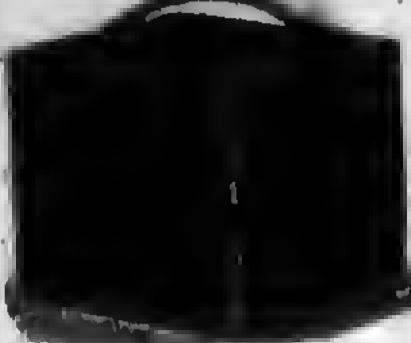


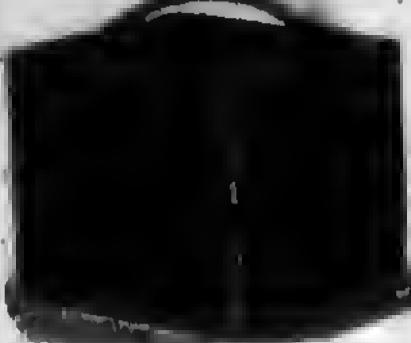


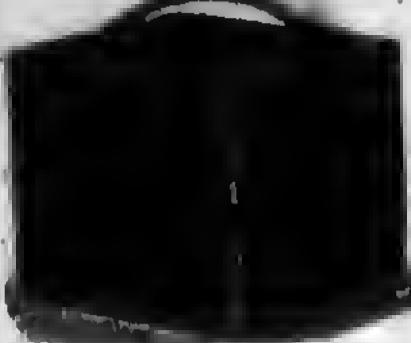


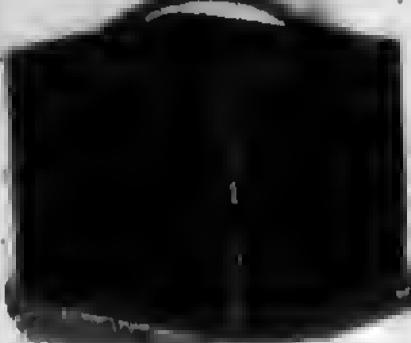


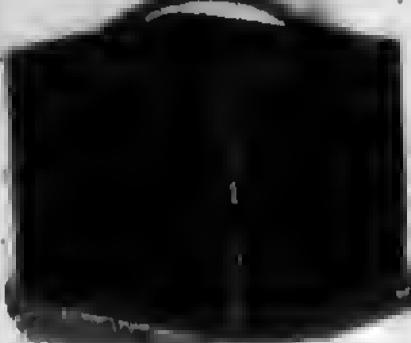


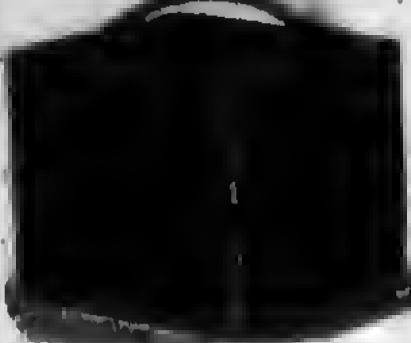


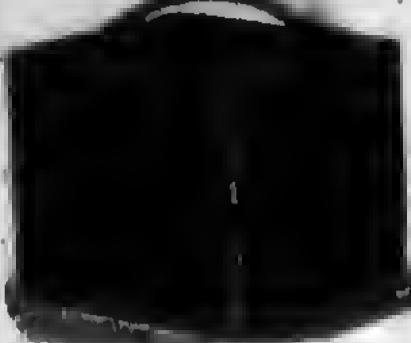


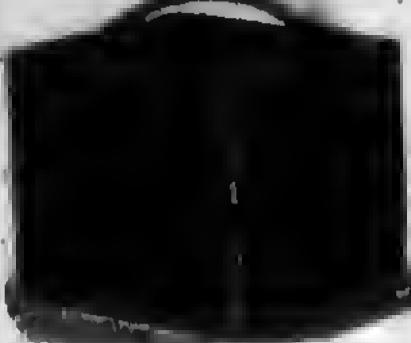


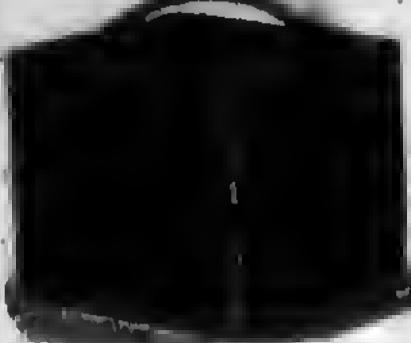


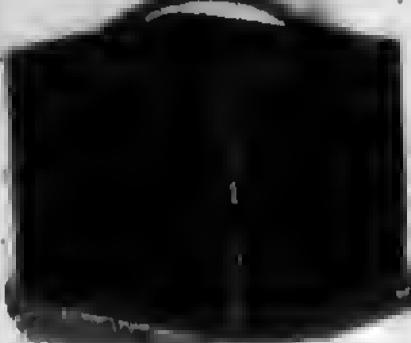


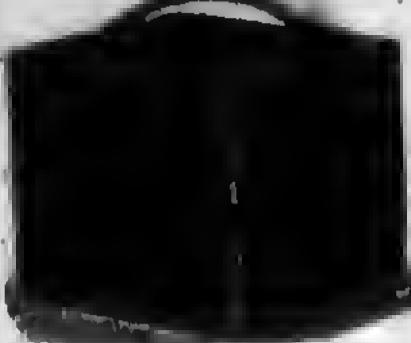


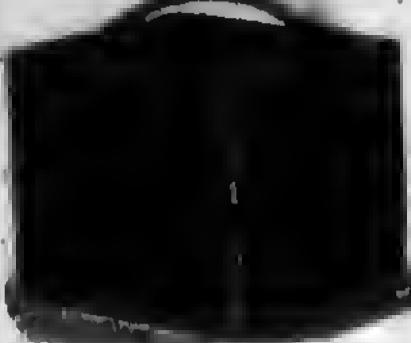


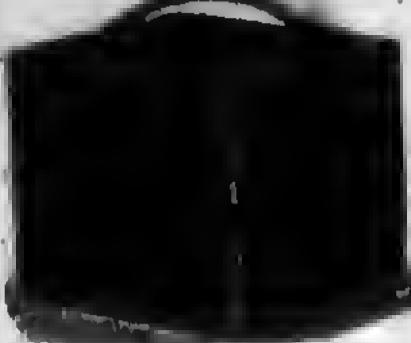


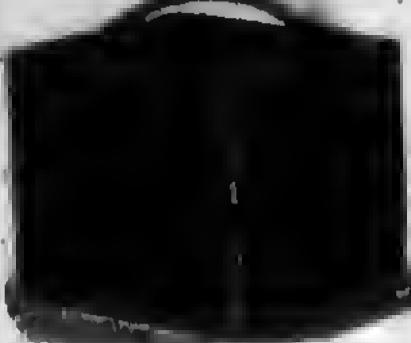


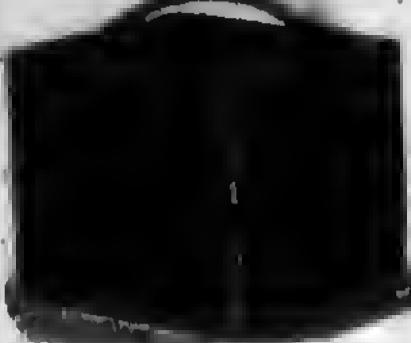




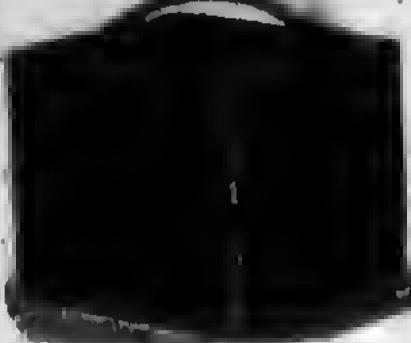


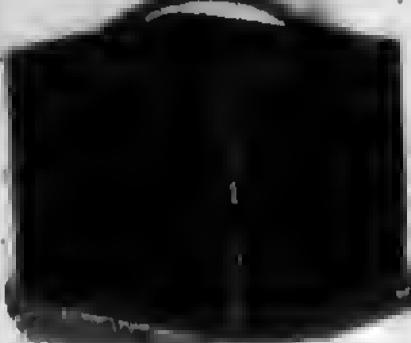


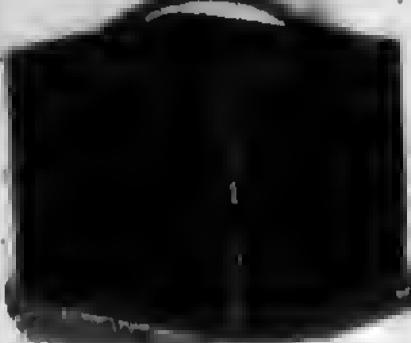


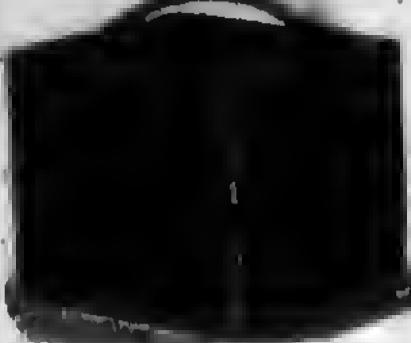


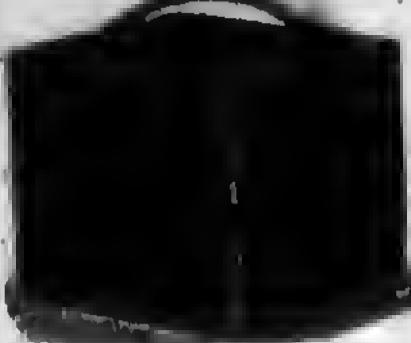


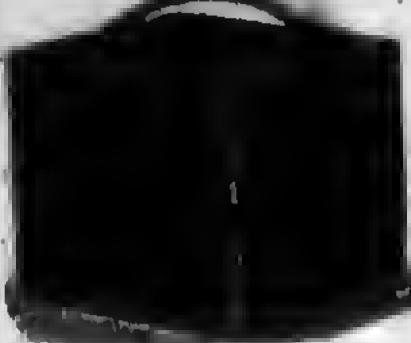


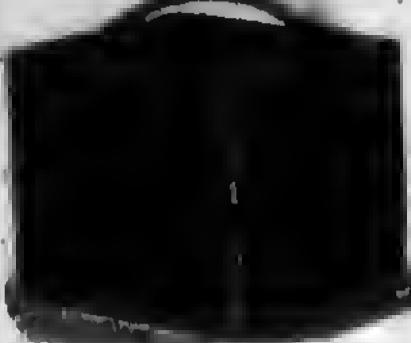


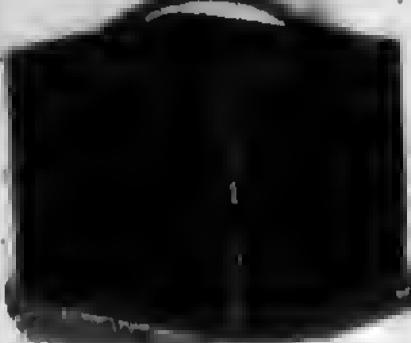


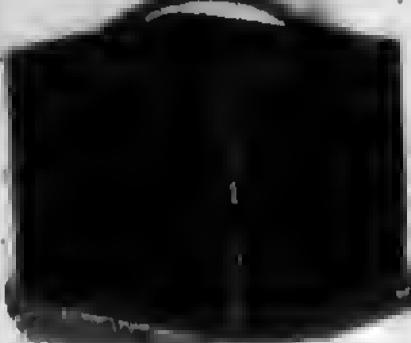


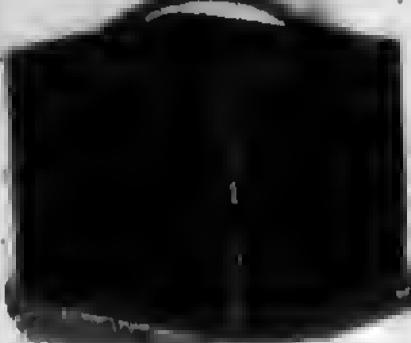


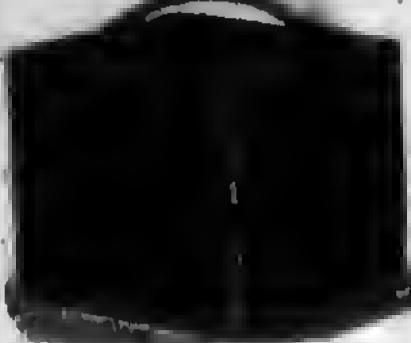


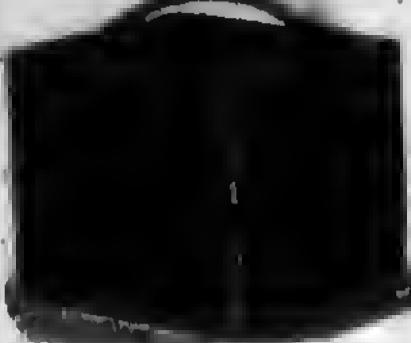


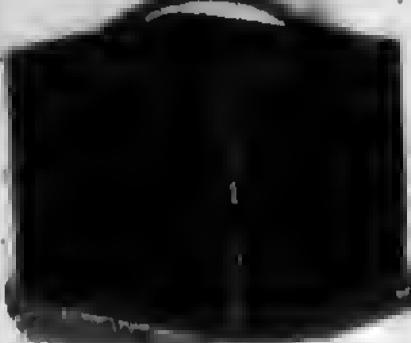


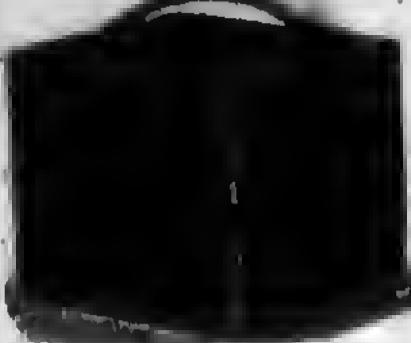


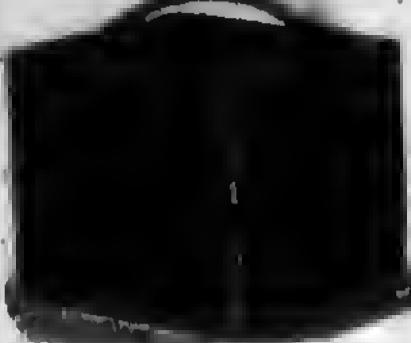


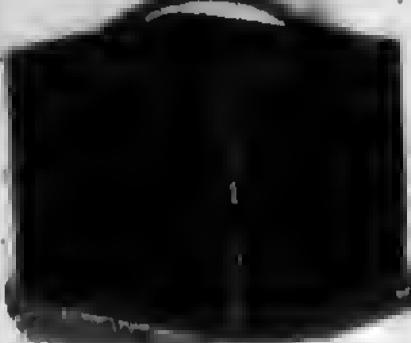


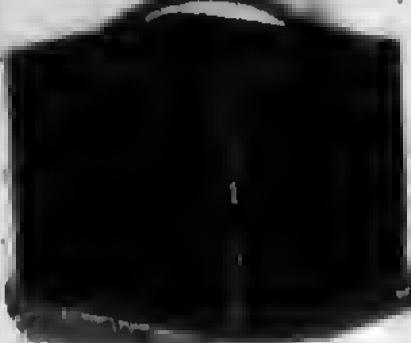


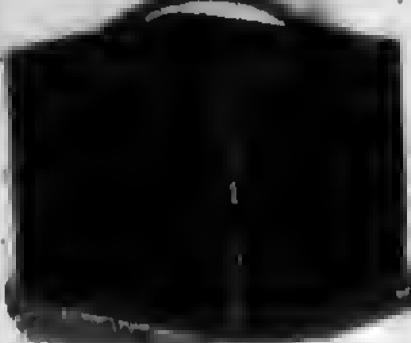


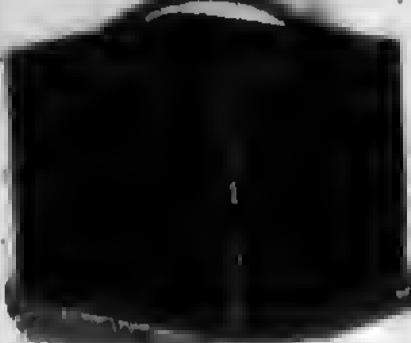


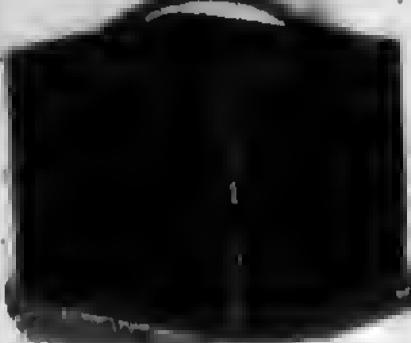


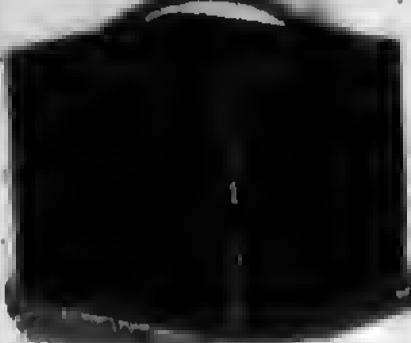


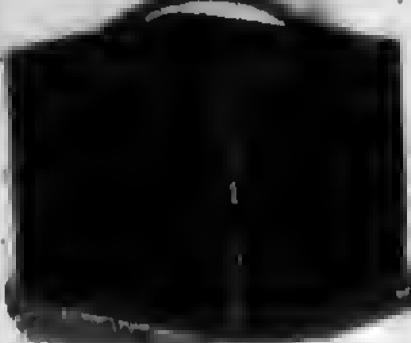


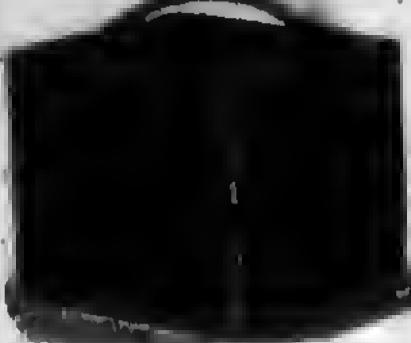


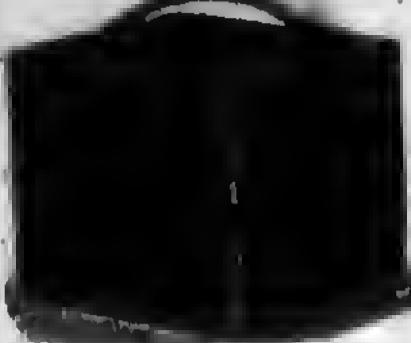


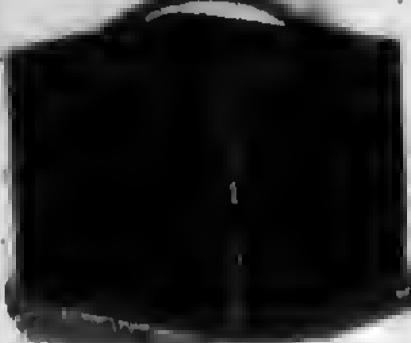


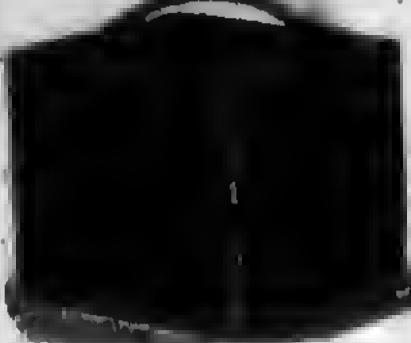


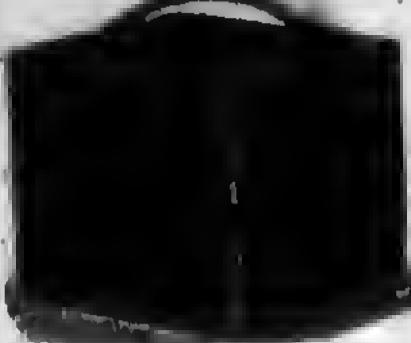


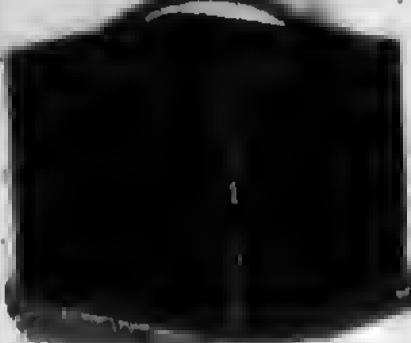


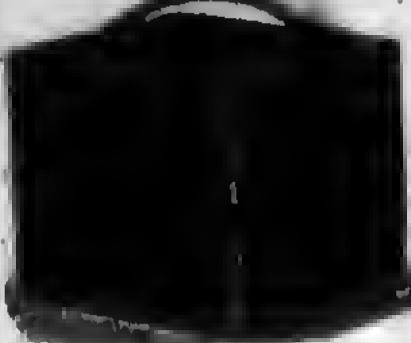


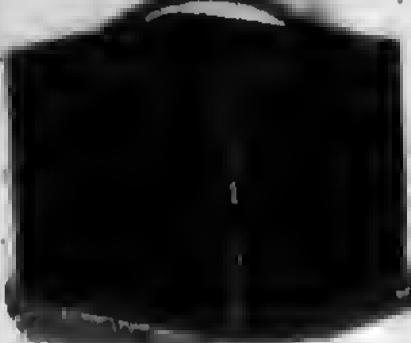


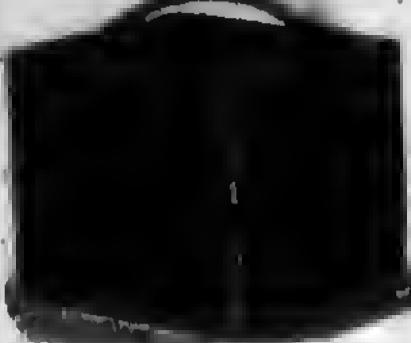


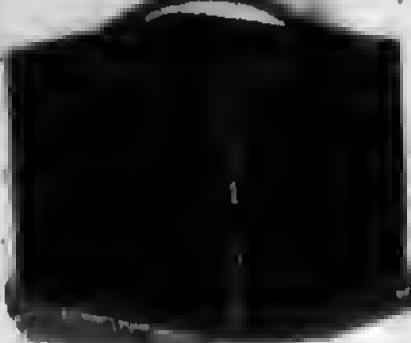












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HOME NEWS

J. P. M. of Valley Head,
opposite to John L. Greenbrier,
this year.

Duffy Sheriff Barnes has levied
on about \$1,000 of stock for taxes,
in the Lewis district.

David Moore, of Frost, has
recently been granted a pension for
services in the Union army.

Married Mr. Wm. Cutlip to
Miss Lucy Cutlip, on the 24th of
April last. All of near the Dropout
Mountains.

A great deal of millinery is being
put in this week in the rooms over
the Times office, by Mrs. J. A. Cunningham
and Miss Mary Yeager.

Mr. Henry Hanrahan, formerly
of Ireland, is now merchandising in
Herrick's Valley, and seems to
be getting a nice run of custom.

Mr. H. A. Yeager's auction
was well attended last Saturday,
and every thing seemed to be real-
ing at good prices. Capt. C. B.
Swecker, the entertaining auction-
eer, made things lively.

A lot has been selected by the
trustees, donated by the Develop-
ment Company, on which will be
erected a Methodist church this
summer. The site is not far from
the court-house and is admirably
chosen.

Seventy or more families from
Logan, McDowell, and Wyoming
counties have settled around the
head of Spring Creek and locali-
ties adjacent, the past two or three
years, mainly on lands bought of
Albert Williams, Esq.

From the Bath News we learn
of the deaths of J. Marshall Sit-
lington, of Bath Alum, aged 73,
April 21st, and of Samuel C. Bur-
ges, of Cowpasture Bridge, aged
62, April 19th. Both gentlemen
were well known to the people of
this county.

A party of four, fished all day
in Stoney Creek, and caught eight
fish, last Saturday. Mr. Hubbell
got one to the top of the water and
just as he was getting ready to say
"Howdy do, old boy, howdy do!"
the fish slipped off the hook and
returned to its element.

Mr. Wm. G. Hall, late of El-
kins, has just returned from an ex-
cursion to Randolph County. He
says the prevailing impression is,
the southern extension of the Da-
vis Road from Elkins, will be
pushed with unusual vigor by the
way of Shaver's Fork during the
present year.

Mr. Goo. R. Walton, of Green-
brier County, caught a rattlesnake
last summer which he concluded
he would pet. Last winter he de-
cided he would let him freeze so
that he would not have him to take
care of through the winter, which
he did, but when he tried to wake
the snake this spring, he discovered
that it was dead.

Considered in the light of its
present and prospective conditions,
Mr. Washington Livesay, on
Spring Creek, Greenbrier County,
has a very valuable and desirable
farm of one thousand acres. On
it are three thousand white oak
trees over twenty inches in diameter
and of superior quality. Every
tree can be utilized for grain,
grain or timber.

Mr. Charles Schard, a drun-
ker representing a harness and
leather firm in Marietta, O., passed
through Huntersville last Friday
on a bicycle, to which is at-
tached a cyclometer. He made
the run from Houserville to Mar-
lington in six hours and from Mar-
lington to Houserville in less than
an hour. By his indications the
distance from Marlinton to Hous-
erville is 48 miles, and from the
Marlinton bridge to Huntersville
71 miles.

Saturday April 29th while the
sun was at its zenith the L. part
of Mr. Peter L. Clegg's residence
was visited by John Miller who
had been sent by his master to
make the alarm. The
alarm had generated a call-
ing for a space of one hour, and
the alarm was soon in
operation, and was
continued.

Major William McClung, one
of Greenbrier's most prominent
citizens a generation since, resided
on the farm now owned by Mr. A.
M. McLaughlin. He began life in
the forest, built a round-pole cabin,
remains of which are yet to be
seen. Two of the foundation logs
are yet in place, showing the di-
mensions to have been eighteen
by sixteen feet. Within a few rods
stands the spacious brick mansion
where he closed his busy life,
leaving an estate valued at one
hundred and fifty thousand dol-
lars. In his time industry and
wealth were near neighbors.

Among the professional men
of our town is a gentleman whose
veins run blue with the blood of
the First Families of Virginia.
This gentleman lost his voice very
unexpectedly last week. He chal-
lenged a gigantic West Virginian
to fight a duel with pistols in the
gray of an April morning, in the se-
cluded haunts of the Jericho neighbor-
hood. This stamped the native,
who did not relish this orthodox
way of settling disputes. A treaty
of peace was patched up temporar-
ily, but the owner of Jericho feels
it his duty to post notices "No
Dueling on THESE PREMISES."

The French Coach horse,
"Leader," advertised in another
column, is owned by a syndicate
of Greenbrier farmers. He cost
eleven hundred dollars in New
York. Mr. Andrew McLaughlin
has in possession one of the French
Coach colts, not a year old, that is
about fifteen hands high, and of a
glossy brown color. In Mr. Mc-
Laughlin's flock of sheep is a
Shropshire ewe nursing three
thrifty lambs all her own. Like
the old woman that lived in a shoe
this motherly sheep at times does
not know what to do, and so ab-
sides down and pensively takes
things as they come, and goes to
sleep herself.

Mr. Aaron Law lives at the
home of his son-in-law, Abram
Beard, Esq., of Benick's Valley.
Mr. Law is a native of England,
and was born in Kent, in 1804,
whence he emigrated to the United
States in 1837, and lived many
years at the Warm Springs, Va.
He remembers the cold winter of
1812, when an ox was roasted on
the ice over the Thames, and when
horse races came off on the same
ice. His ancestral home was in
sight of the chalk cliffs from which
England derived its poetic name,
Albion. He seems to have perfect
health, has an erect, sprightly
walk, and makes frequent visits to
the neighbors.

There are plenty of machines
and riders for a bicycle club at this
place. The practicability of the
bicycle on our mountain roads was
very well illustrated last week by
Mr. E. H. Smith, the druggist.
He rode to Ronceverte a distance of
46 miles, over two mountain roads, in
eight hours. It is considered a
long day's drive for a double team.
Chas. Schaefer, a drummer, was in
town this week. He travels in
summer exclusively on a bicycle.
He has often crossed the State, and
worked his way over the most intricate
roads. He once made the
trip from Point Pleasant to Clifton
Forge, a distance of 297 miles, in
one week, having worked the territory
on his route.

Tim Ahern, the man from
Cork, who has been in Marlinton
the last six months, left last week.
He identified himself very closely
with the pleasure-loving element,
being good at a song and dance,
very witty. He played football,
and received a number of wounds
in the engagement at Mingo. The
last bit of news from him was
characteristic. When he got to
the Hot Springs he went to the
bar, set up drinks for every body,
and took a number straight himself.
Then throwing his hat away,
with an Irish whoop, he jumped to
the middle of the room, and said,
"I'm out-sing, out-dance, or out-
tax any spalmer in the crowd for
two dollars. I'm from Marlinton!"

An cowardly gentleman came up
and putted him on the back and
told him he was "all right," but
Tim kicked the foot from under
him, and knocked him winding,
and took him all up. The man
from Marlinton presently took the
train and that is the latest report
of him.

Used to be a creek, Green-
brier, by the name of Miss
Lucy Winkman aged about 17
years, she was the daughter of
Mr. George Winkman.

PERSONAL MENTION.

E. H. Moore, of Academy, made
this town a short visit last week.
Miss Mand Yeager has returned
from Baltimore.

Sam. Herold, of Covington, is
in town.

P. Golden is absent on a trip to
the upper end of the county.

Mr. W. M. Wysong and family
have removed to Reneyerts from
Academy.

Miss Dora Brownlee has been
employed as a teacher of the pub-
lic school at this place for the next
session.

Mrs. Manta Arbogast, of Texas,
was visiting friends and relatives
in town this week.

R. M. Beard, of Academy, spent
several days in town last week.

Mrs. Wm. T. Beard, of Mill Point,
was visiting friends in town on
Monday, accompanied by her grand-
son, Carl.

Misses Annette Ligon and Myr-
tle Varner passed through town on
their way to Academy.

Mrs. Sheets and son and daugh-
ter, of Gillispie, Pocahontas County,
were here attending the funeral
of her daughter and their sister,
Mrs. Phillips. Mrs. Sheets has

returned to Gillispie, her grand-
children with her. This was the
dying request of her daughter,
Mrs. Phillips. The youngest was
only three weeks old.—*Tygart's
Valley News.*

Mr. Henry Sharp, on Douth-
ard's Creek, whose son, Albert
Sharp, lives at Marlinton, is suffer-
ing very much from a complica-
tion of diseases. This worthy,
aged citizen has many friends and
relatives to sympathize with him
in his affliction.

Richard C. Hale has recently
purchased, from A. D. Bruce, half
of the excellent farm called "New-
market," situated one mile on the
Pocahontas side of Mingo, (Rand-
olph County.) The farm is in
fine fix, and the pasture of first-
class quality. Anyone requiring
good grazing, at a reasonable price,
this summer, for cattle, should apply
immediately to Mr. Hale, who
is sure to give every attention to
stock placed under his care, and
they will be regularly salted.

A Runaway.

Sunday afternoon, April 21st, as
Misses Lillie and Elva Friel were
driving to Sunset to attend sing-
ing, their horse became unmanage-
able near Mr. William L. Harper's.
Their buggy struck the carriage
occupied by Mr. J. C. Lony and
Mrs. Gross. In the collision Mr.
Lony's carriage had the axle bent
very much, while the buggy was
whirled over the bank and lodged
on top of a fence in a reversed
position. Miss Lillie fell near the
place of collision, but Miss Elva
was holding the reins and was
thrown two or three rods. Fortu-
nately neither was seriously hurt.

The horse was disengaged by
the shock and rushed furiously,
and while Messrs. William Gross
and M. A. Friel were occupied in
relieving the young ladies, their
horses also took fright and followed
on. All three, however, were
checked by Mr. Lanty Herold and
son, Winston. After a brief delay
the whole party went to Sun-
set and then for Handshaw to come
and brest in.

Steel's warns anyone, attempting
to hold him up, to cover him very
carefully with a gun before saying
anything to him.

Dillie's Mill.

We are having fine growing
weather, with an excellent rain
the 27th which greatly revived
every thing. We have good hopes
of a plentiful fruit year. There is

a very heavy apple bloom. The
peach trees were all killed last
winter by the continued cold and
freezing weather.

Dr. J. H. Weymouth passed
through this part, en route to Green
Bank. The Dr. entertained the
young folks very pleasantly with
music.

Prof. G. E. Moore and sister are
visiting near Academy. Also Miss
Fannie Moore is visiting near Dun-
more.

Prof. G. E. Moore, closed his
second term of school, the 26th,
at Mt. Zion, where he taught a
very successful term.

We have a very interesting sun-
day school at Mt. Zion. All are
cordially invited to join us in this
good work. The first sun-
day school founded in the United

States, was founded by a wisecra-
ke—a chieftain in the ranks of
celebrated evangelists. The Sun-
day School is a part of the Church
and the Church is the body of
Christ.

Rev. Fultz will preach at Mt.

Zion first Sunday in May at 10 a.m.

Master Roy Bumbrick was

knocked off horse by a limb, and

sprained his arm right badly.

Mrs. J. W. Grimes and C. W.

McLaughlin attended H. A. Yea-

ger's sale the 27th, ult.

Misses Carrie Moore, Fannie

Moore and Ora Grimes were at

Huntersville Saturday.

April 28, 1863.

On the Trail.

L. R. Steele, from Clay County,
was in this town tracking an es-
caped prisoner, one Ward Hand-
shaw, who was here on Easter
Sunday. Handshaw is accused of
two cold-blooded murders, and al-
most every other crime in the cal-
endar.

He waylaid a sixteen year

old boy, in Clay County, a year or

so ago, and, thinking that he had

money on his person, shot him

dead. He was arrested, but a gang

of tongs opened the jail for him,

and since then he has been at

large. He killed an old man in

Braxton in order to rob him, but

by neither murder did he get any

money. Since his escape he has

broken into three stores. He lives

in the mountains nearly the whole

time, "singing," hunting, and fish-
ing, accompanied by his brother.

He has been much feared by the

stock owners, for he has no scrup-
ules when it comes to killing a

sheep or steer for dinner. He

sleeps in the open air three-fourths

of the year.

Keeping to the woods as he

does it requires a hunter to track

him down. Steele was close on

him on the 12th of April on Wil-
liam's River, and being sure that

he had gotten in front of him, lay

by all night to waylay him. That

night the Handshaw came into

Marlinton, got supper at the Mo-

Laughlin House, refused a bed,

and camped in the Laden Bottom.

One begged breakfast of S. L.

Brown and the other of Capt.

Smith the next morning, and went

towards Academy. When Easter

morning dawned on Steele, lying

on William's River, there was a

three-inch snow on the ground.

This covered all tracks, and he not

expecting the fugitives to come

into the settlement, proceeded

through the mountains expecting

to come on them in Nicholas County

where they have relatives.

Steele arrived here exactly two

weeks behind them, and went from

here again to Nicholas, as he

thinks they took the Nicholas

Road. A number of people recog-

nized

so much to decidedly on the turn of the Christian century.

The chief obstacle to commercial progress in Peru is in the uncertainty as to the roads.

There are as yet no many important monuments of the late Rev. C. H. Spofford as will require another ten years to get out.

Metz has founded in consumption during the past ten years, and Colonel Durst, the infinite king, is afraid that the supply will soon fall short of the demand.

Since the battle of Waterloo the Rothschilds have laid by \$2,000,000,000 for a rainy day, and one estimate of their wealth by the year 1863 is \$80,000,000,000.

The shrinkage of value of horses in 1863 is estimated to be over \$20,000,000, and the total loss in falling off of price with the New York World estimates aggregate \$10,000,000, since the commencement of the present depression of values.

A St. Louis man is now being treated by two Chicago physicians for lying, asserts the Atlanta Constitution. He has an uncontrollable mania for falsehood, and his physicians will soon perform an operation on him for the purpose of effecting a cure. The result will be awaited with anxious interest.

In Paris, according to a recent enumeration, there are more tailors, upholsterers, boudoir-makers, barbers, advocates, and men of letters than in any other city of the world. London has the most cab and carriage proprietors, engineers, printers, booksellers, and cooks. Amsterdam is ahead on general dealers and money lenders. Brussels is celebrated as the city where the largest number of boys smoke. Naples has the most stupid porters. Berlin has the largest number of beer drinkers. Florence excels in flowers sellers, and Lisbon contains the most bullfights.

An interesting New England custom is that mentioned by Harper's Weekly which provides that stockholders of the Boston and Albany road shall ride free to Boston from any point on that road to attend the annual stockholders' meeting in September. They show their stock certificates instead of tickets, and they have all the week to get home in. So it happens that in stockholders' week people from western Massachusetts flock to Boston to do their shopping, and crowd the hotels. A similar convention by other railroads in other States would tend to popularize small holdings of railroad stock.

The black flybird of Australia, which was introduced into California two years ago to exterminate the black scale and like orchard parasites, has not bettered its reputation, announces the New York Post. To them passes it has proved as relentless an enemy to some parts of the State, notably Santa Barbara County, scarcely any instant life remains for the audacious of the flybird. From which, two years ago, were covered with the infestation of the scale, which, in fact, seemed immediately ruined, are now as bright and vigorous. "It is difficult," says an expert, "to place a pecuniary estimate on the value of the damage of the black scale. In one region, however, the saving in spraying and fumigating will probably require at \$200 a year to the horticulturists of California. The fruit-growers alone have of late years been compelled to expend from \$100,000 to \$150,000 annually for this purpose, while there are four or five growers in Los Angeles County alone who spend not less than \$10,000 a year.

SUM REPORT.
There's that at last on a Gaylord made—
On the news of price there's none;
There's made on the check of the lovely
mail—
There are spots on the sun—
But the shade of Damask has succeeded the
west.
The child saved a knight from a fall;
The note is a grace on my lady's cheek—
The sun shines for all.

MA'MOISELLE.

BY FLORENCE L. GARDNER.



MA'MOISELLE" was a butterfly. She flitted from flower to flower in her own dainty fashion, absorbing what sweetness and pleasure she could from each, and casting the blossom aside when she had deprived it of what had been the best it contained. She was a butterfly that pleased the eye and ornamented the landscape, but one that caused the passer-by to shake his head and ask what the end would be. Could she go on in that way forever? Would life always yield her honey, unmixed with gall? Would she ever become serious, less selfish, less flippant? Would she ever marry and settle down? Or, if she did not, would she grow old, as other women did, or forever remain distractingly young and irresponsible as she was now?

Ma'moiselle was no longer a young girl, people said. At twenty-eight it was time that a woman should long since have been at the head of a house, the mother of a growing brood. But Ma'moiselle shook her head and said that she really wouldn't care for it; that she was just beginning to find out how to enjoy herself; that she loved her freedom, her liberty, her good health, her ability to relish the flavor of all things, too much to exchange them for an uncertainty.

The kindly ones said that the real reason was that she loved all men too much to marry one; that she was a disgraceful little girl, and that they pitied the man who really did win her. And they could not forgive her the fact that, in spite of her frivolity and general undesirability in their eyes, there were a number of men who were undoubtedly willing, and even anxious, to accept the position of husband to Ma'moiselle, and he led by her the dance that they predicted.

It was Josiah Dalrymple who christened her "Ma'moiselle." She had some French blood in her; and being rather proud of the fact, she did her best to accentuate it. It was hardly an affection, for her tastes were innately French. She had developed the habit, when a child, of giving an expressive and decidedly foreign little shrug to her shoulders. She could speak the language, too, it being the one study to which she had paid any serious attention, and she loved to chatter it. Dalrymple said that she reminded him of a picture he had once seen in the Paris Salon; a figure in fancy dress, that might have served as a model for "Folly," but was simply catalogued "Portrait of a Young Lady;" and ever afterwards he had called Elsie Coudert "Ma'moiselle."

Dalrymple was about as little like a butterfly as she was like a grub. It had fallen to his lot to be one of the toilers of the world, and though still a young man he had won a place and name for himself by his own noticing efforts. He was serious by nature and upright through principle. He believed thoroughly in the gospel of hard work, and knew that success worth having would not come easily. His life was earnest, his purpose unshaking, his amusements few. Ma'moiselle was among the latter. When he had had particularly trying day, downtown, it rested him to drop in, on his way to his rooms, at Mrs. Coudert's attractive home. The drawing room was always light and airy—anything heavy and severe being excluded by Ma'moiselle, whom Mrs. Coudert never opposed; and he could generally have a little chat with Ma'moiselle herself. It was sure not to be a drain on his intellect, while his eye was gratified by the tasteful surroundings, and his ear amused by the conversational twitter, although of Ma'moiselle herself his reason did not always approve. It interested him even to recall her, pronouncing as he often did upon his old acquaintance and the friendship he had had with her brother, now married and living far away.

He went up the steps to her house one afternoon, unusually depressed, on account of business complications, and met young Watery, a young Watery was a tall, smooth faced, wavy-haired lad, with a smile like sunbeams in a summer and new pair of socks. He went by example with an unwilling nod, and the lad passed into the house.

The next was still in the drawing room, but was so serious and troubous as usual.

"What have you been doing to that boy?" he asked after he had shaken

hands and drawn a chair up near to her.

She laughed, and flushed a little as she replied:

"Nothing, O father confessor, except to tell him how foolish he was. Tell?" she asked, questioningly, turning to the cups on the low table beside her, and picking up a thin slice of lemon with the tongue.

"No, thanks," he said shortly; "you know that I hate the stuff. I only take hot lemonade when I have a cold."

Ma'moiselle said one word in her small mind. It was "grumpy," so she waxed more amiable herself. She moved her chair back a little and faced him. Putting two small feet, in ridiculously pointed, high-heeled slippers, on a low footstool in front of her, she let her head rest on the back of her chair and her hands drop, in a resigned fashion, into her lap.

"What is it, Josiah?" she asked, looking at him in a quizzical way—she always called him Josiah when she wanted to tease him—"what is troubling your soul now?"

"I was thinking of young Waterbury," he said, quite seriously. "I am sorry for him."

She turned her head a little uneasily. "For being so foolish?" she asked, gazing up at the ceiling.

"No," he replied; "he couldn't prevent that. But you might have done so. Why did you not tell him that he was foolish at the beginning of the winter? Why did you let him play the devoted knight to you, going about with you and seeing you day after day, becoming wrapped up in you, only to be told in the end that he was foolish?"

"Because, my dear Josiah"—with unusual sweetness—"you can't tell a man not to fall in love with you, before you are sure that he is going to do it; and after that—well"—with one of the characteristic little shrugs, and a smile that showed her even white teeth—"it's generally too late."

Then, changing to a more plaintive key, she said:

"Don't be disagreeable to-day, Josiah, know how I dislike disagreeable conversations. And don't stand leaning there, looking down at me as if you were a preacher and I the sinner. I know that I'm frivolous, I know I'm vain—fond of distraction of attention, even. You see I admit it all, so you can't argue with me. I assure you I agree with you. I am quite hopeless. Now sit down"—as he smiled a little—"and be pleasant, and let's drop that tiresome boy. Isn't he handsome, though? What a nose, and what shoulders! I could almost adore him."

Dalrymple dropped wearily into the chair near her.

"I think that I will have some tea," he said; "I am tired."

"What? Change your mind suddenly, like any woman?" she exclaimed joyously, delighted to think that she had diverted him.

He leaned his head on his hand and watched her fingers idly twirling about among the tea things. They were white, with the pinkest of nails, and fairly glittered with rings. He thought she wore too many rings. He had often told her so; but they were the one ornament in the way of jewelry of which she was prodigal.

"I could not live without them," she had once said, holding her palms out with the ten jeweled digits extended in front of her and gazing at them fondly. "They are a moral support to me, really, just as good clothes are, you know. Perhaps you don't understand that, either, but that's because you're not woman. I love my rings, and really don't believe I could exist without them. They mean so much to me. I love them for the fire they contain, for the sparkle that they give out. If I feel downcast, I move my hands about, and the rings glisten and seem to say, 'Cheer up; there is light and life in me,' and I brighten immediately."

"How long have I known you, Ma'moiselle?" Dalrymple asked, as he leaned forward and took the cup she had out to him.

"Eleven years," she replied. "What an age! Don't tell me you remember how old I was then."

"But I do," he replied, smiling a little in his slow way. "I remember perfectly. Eleven years—" He slipped the ice and seemed to be thinking. "And how many lovers have you had since then, Ma'moiselle?"

"How do I know?" she replied, pushing the footstool away somewhat impatiently, feeling that the coming lecture had not been averted after all.

"No, you couldn't be expected to remember, of course," he said: "but I think I do. I have been a spectator, you know. When I first knew you, you were only a child, but you were very much as you are now. There were

daughters then. The first that I recall were young Winslow and old Howard. They were always hanging around you. Then there was that English chap who blushed so, and the titled Italian, whom we all hated because he looked like Neapolitan. And that awfully nice fellow—Babcock, wasn't it—who had it worse than most do, and who left so suddenly and went racing. They say," he went on, looking thoughtfully down into his cup, "that he has—gone to the dogs since."

"Well," she said testily, "could I

help it? I could not make myself love him."

"No," he replied; "of course you couldn't help it. You good women never are to blame for anything. You never drive a man to drink or to folly and ruin. It is always his fault if he does any of these things through love of you. You never take a young boy and let him grow to care for you, to make you his ideal, to fairly worship you, only to be laughed at in the end. You never start him in life with false and bitter ideas of women because one has disappointed him. You irreproachable women never break men's hearts or wreck their lives. It is always their fault, you know say. There are some sins, Ma'moiselle," he said, speaking very slowly, "that are not down in the dog-alogue and yet are crimes."

"And by all this you mean," she said quite lightly, "that I am one of the criminals?"

"I mean that you are one of the irreproachable women," he answered, looking at her seriously. "You have been born with a charm—a power to please—I don't know what it is, but I have watched it work destruction for eleven years. You are not the prettiest woman I know, Ma'moiselle, nor yet the most intellectual, but you are the most fascinating, and—"

"Thank you," she interrupted drily. "It was fitting that you should administer that sugar pill after being so brutally frank."

"I am afraid that I feel like hoing still more frank," he continued; "and perhaps I do not choose my words happily. But I felt sick at heart when I saw that boy at the door; and knew so well what had happened. Where is he now, and what do you suppose he will do to-night?"

"It is not as serious as you think it is," she said gently. "He will get over it."

"Yes," he agreed; "he will get over it. They all do, in time. But the getting over it, ma'moiselle; you don't know what that means. Irreproachable woman never do."

"Go on," she said, coldly. "The end, Josiah, is what I have been hoping for ever since you began."

"The end is," he said, that this woman is generally caught in her own snare. She at last finds out that after all she, too, has a poor thing called a heart that is not as lifeless as she thought it. She learns what it is to love and to suffer."

"You mean?" Ma'moiselle said, leaning forward in her chair, her hand tightly clasped, the color and brightness gone from her face.

"I mean that she at last meets someone to whom she does not in the least appeal; some one on whom all of her wilts are lost; some one who does not care for her. She inspires polite indifference, the most maddening thing in the world—that is all."

If he had brought a lash down on her shoulders he could not have stung her more. She rose quickly and went to the window, standing with her hands still closely clasped in front of her, looking out at the placid passers-by. It was some time before she spoke.

"I am trying to think whether I shall take the trouble to answer you or not," she said at last. "You have gone farther than you have ever gone before, and I have let you. I had a morbid porosity to be present at my own dissection. I am glad to know what you really think of me. But I hate such conversations! I hate such scenes! I am not given to making long speeches, and, as you told me, I am not clever. But whatever my faults are, saying unpleasant things is not among them. Flattery may be part of my wiles, but at least it never害人. I feel," she said, turning toward him and passing her hand wearily over her forehead—"I feel least ten years older than I did when you first began."

She leaned a little on a table near her, and his heart smote him, she looked so frail and childlike. "Perhaps it is all true, what you have said. Perhaps I am what you think. But what do you know of a woman's heart? What do you know of her inner life and motives? Simply what you observe, and what she is pleased to tell you. Because she does not wear her heart on her sleeve, or surrender it to some man, are you justified in thinking that she is with out one? How do you know that she is without one? How do you know that she has not suffered? How do you know that her frivolous life is not an effort to hid it? What right have you to predict pain for her, when—"

She turned away, unable to finish. Dalrymple gazed at her, aghast. His slender frame was trembling, and for the first time he saw that her eyes looked pained and earnest. He hardly supposed her capable of expressing any emotion save almost childish joy or pleasure; yet now, as he looked at her, he felt as if he had laid bare her quivering soul. He took one step toward her and held out his hand.

"Ma'moiselle," he said softly, "forgive me."

The front door opened, and in an instant the portieres leading from the hall were parted, as Mrs. Coudert entered the room. Dalrymple dropped his hand and turned to greet her. He did not see Ma'moiselle alone after that, and soon took his departure.

"What have you been doing to that boy?" he asked after he had shaken

drew a long, deep breath, and almost doubted the reality of the scene he had had with Ma'moiselle. He was glad that Mrs. Coudert had come in just when she did, before he had had time to take back those cruel, truthful things. It had been the hardest task of his life, but he was glad that he had had the strength to say them. It had settled one thing in his mind. She cared for some one else. She had suffered—she, who never seemed to have a care or a serious thought. It was some one whom perhaps she had known in her early youth—some one whom she had sent away and regretted; some one whom she had found out too late that she loved.

A few days later the worst that he had dreaded for his business came upon him. Every day chronicled fresh failures, and in one of the crashes he saw the enterprise that he had given years to building up, totter and fall like a house of cards; the money he had toiled to amass melt before his eyes. In the opinion of the world he was ruined man, everything save honor gone.

There was nothing to do but to begin again. This he preferred to undertake in another city. He settled his affairs as best he could, and prepared to leave town. He had some money, left him by his mother, and he intended to travel a little before he decided where to locate and again begin the battle of life.

He postponed his good-bye to Ma'moiselle until the last. He had not seen her since that day when, he now felt, he had, presuming—when he had touched upon a wound where he supposed there was nothing but callousness.

She came down in a clinging gown of palest heliotrope, and nestled back among the cushions at one end of the couch. She said that she had not been feeling well; that she certainly must be getting old, for she was developing wrinkles. And she played with a little gold smelling bottle, holding it occasionally to her nostrils. It was one of her airs, she told him; she never had been known to faint in her life, but simply liked the smell of it. Then there was a little pause in which he felt conscious and constrained, yet could not tell why.

"I am going away, Ma'moiselle," he said at last, looking away from her, "and I could not bear to go without apologizing—without telling you how sorry I am—you understand—for what I said last time."

"Yes," she replied, smiling; "I understand. It was quite tragic, wasn't it? You will let us hear from you—mother and me? We shall be anxious to know what you are doing."

It was plain that she did not wish to talk of that last conversation, and he became more uneasy than ever. He had wanted to say so much about his repentance, but felt that he had been cut off. He sat and gazed quite stupidly at her hands as they played with the vinaigrette, wondering what made them look so different. They were as white as ever, the nails were as carefully manicured, but—they did not seem like the hands of Ma'moiselle.

He had it at last. The fingers did not wear a ring; and he had never seen her without rings before.

"Your hands look strange, Ma'moiselle," he said. "Your rings—part of you, you know—where are they?"

A wave of color rose, dyeing her throat and face. It filled him with amazement. He sprang to his feet, a sudden thought seizing him. Thrusting his hand deep into his pocket, he drew out a draft, signed by the cashier of a well-known bank, but sent to him anonymously. He had not had time to trace it, and did not intend to use it, but believed that some business friend, wishing to help him, had sent it. He gazed now with horror from the slip of paper to the little, ringless hands of Ma'moiselle, then into the eyes that no longer met his, but drooped guiltily.

"Ma'moiselle," he said sternly.

The small hands went up to the face, covering the hot cheeks.

"Ma'moiselle," he repeated less severely, but with reproach in his tones.

Still there was no reply, but he knew that she was crying. The next time that he said "Ma'moiselle," it was from his knees beside her, where, he gently took the little palms from her face, and looked into her eyes with the lashes all wet. Then he dropped his head on the unadorned fingers, and kissed them reverently.

When he lifted his head again to take her in his arms, something glistened on the hand of Ma'moiselle, but it was not a diamond.—*Munsey's Magazine.*

Picturesque Names.</

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Marlinton, W. Va.,
April 23, 1895.

D. W. Sharp, *In Chancery.*

S. L. Barlow, et al. vs.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above styled cause on the 2d day of April, 1895, I will, as Commissioner appointed in said decree, proceed at my office in the town of Marlinton, West Virginia, on the 29th day of May, 1895, to take, state, and report to Court at its next term the following matters, viz:

1st.—An account of all liens upon the land of the defendant, Silas L. Barlow, with their respective amounts and priorities, showing to whom such amounts are due and payable.

2d.—A statement showing all the lands owned by the defendant, Silas L. Barlow, together with the fee simple and rental value thereof.

3d.—Any other matter deemed pertinent by myself or required by any party in interest.

Given under my hand this 23d day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
Commissioner.

NOTICE TO LIEN-HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment, or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of Silas L. Barlow:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Silas L. Barlow to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to prosecute all claims held by you and each of you against the said Silas L. Barlow, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Marlinton, in said county, on or before the 29th day of May, 1895.

Given under my hand this 23d day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
Commissioner.

Commissioner's Notice.

At a Circuit Court continued and held for the county of Pocahontas, at the court-house thereof, on Thursday, April 4th, 1895.

State of West Virginia

VS.

One hundred acres
and

Fifteen acres

In the matter of forfeited lands.

On motion of B. M. Yeager, Commissioner of School Lands of this county, the above cause of the State of West Virginia vs. One Hundred Acres and Fifteen Acres is referred to N. C. McNeil, one of the Commissioners of this Court, who shall take, state, and report to court the following matters of account, viz:

1st.—Whether or not the two tracts set forth in the bill as waste and unappropriated lands, are really waste and unappropriated.

2d.—If waste and unappropriated, the exact location of said tracts, and all other things required to be reported under chapter 105 of the code of West Virginia, 1891, as amended by the Acts of West Virginia, 1893.

But before proceeding to take and state and report he shall publish in the POCOHONTAS TIMES, a newspaper published in this county, and post at the front door of the court house for four consecutive weeks, a notice of the time and place of taking said account.

A copy, Teste:

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

The plaintiff and all unknown claimants of any part or parcel of the above named 100 acre and 15 acre tracts of land, will take notice that on the 29th day of May, 1895, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will commence the discharge of my duties under above decree, at which time and place you and each of you can attend and protect and defend any interests you may have in said tracts of land.

Given under my hand this 17th day of April, 1895.

N. C. MCNEIL,
Commissioner.

Notice to Trespassers.

All are hereby notified not to trespass on my land in any way by hunting, shooting, tearing down fences or by grazing or sailing stock on the mountain land belonging to the State of West Virginia, which is now in my possession, and is now in my possession.

W. L. HAMPTON,
April 10, 1895.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Marlinton, W. Va., April 23, 1895.

Andrew C. Wooddell's adm'r.

vs.

Andrew C. Wooddell's heirs, et al.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above styled cause on the 2d day of April, 1895, I will, as Commissioner appointed in said decree, proceed at my office in the town of Marlinton, in said county, on the first day of June, 1895, to take, state, and report to Court at its next term the following matters, viz:

1st.—A statement of the accounts of Levi Gay as Administrator of Andrew C. Wooddell.

2d.—An account of debts due from Andrew C. Wooddell at the time of his death, with their amounts, priorities, and to whom due.

3d.—A settlement of the partnership accounts of Andrew C. Wooddell and W. A. Shearer, who were partners in running a steam sawmill at the time of the death of the said A. C. Wooddell.

4th.—A statement showing whether A. C. Wooddell was insolvent at the time he executed the trust deeds to S. B. Moore and Lloyd Moore of which attested copies are filed as parts of the bill in the aforesaid cause, marked Exhibits "E" and "H" respectively.

5th.—A statement showing what will be a reasonable fee to allow plaintiff's attorney for prosecuting this suit.

6th.—Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest.

And if for any reason the said report shall not be completed on said day, the same shall be continued from day to day until completed.

Given under my hand this 23d day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
Commissioner.

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Notice to Creditors.

To the Creditors of Andrew C. Wooddell, Deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Andrew C. Wooddell to the payment of his debts, you are hereby required to present your claims against the estate of the said Andrew C. Wooddell, for adjudication to W. A. Bratton, Commissioner, at his office in the said office or before the 1st day of June, 1895.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 15th day of April, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the second day of April 1895, in the chancery cause of Jas. V. Cuckley's rector against Jas. T. Rose.

The undersigned special Commissioner will proceed to sell on the 18th day of June, 1895, in front of the court house door of Pocahontas County, at public auction, to the highest bidder, the tract of land conveyed by James V. Cuckley to the said James T. Rose, in the bill and proceedings in above cause mentioned.

This land is situated upon the waters of Stamping Creek adjoining the lands of A. D. Grimes' estate, the lands formerly owned by Charles Stewart, and others, is very fertile and well watered and has upon it a comfortable dwelling and necessary outbuildings.

TERMS OF SALE:—sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale, and the residue upon a credit of 6 and 12 months, the purchaser giving bonds with approved personal security for the deferred payments, bearing interest from date, and a lien to be retained until all the purchase money is paid.

N. C. MCNEIL,
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the

Circuit Court of Pocahontas County,

do certify that bond has been

executed by the above special

Commissioner as required by law

J. H. PATTERSON,

1895.

Clk.

245

Commissioner.

245

—A new and choice line of mil-linery in rooms over TIMES office.

—Fresh salt fish at J. D. Pullins & Co., at 7 cts per lb.

—All kinds of canned goods at J. D. Pullins & Co.

—Go to J. D. Pullins & Co. to buy your tobacco and cigars.

—A dance was held in the dismantled Marlinton Hotel last Monday night.

—New hats and trimmings arriving weekly at Mrs. Cunningham's.

—Go to J. D. Pullins & Co. and price fine shoes before buying elsewhere.

—Best Silver Drip Syrup at J. D. Pullins & Co.'s, at 50 cents per gallon.

—Call at J. D. Pullins & Co. and examine his fine stock of shoes before buying elsewhere.

—An artesian well is being sunk by Bird & Moore for the court-house and the prospects are good for wholesome water.

—J. D. Pullins & Co. are still in the ring with a complete line of groceries, etc., and are constantly adding to their already very complete stock.

—Mr. Will Tyres, of Academy, has a beautiful bay horse, a fine traveler, which he has trained to stoop whenever his rider wishes to mount him.

—If you need anything in the grocery line go to J. D. Pullins & Co.'s grocery store, and if you "don't see what you want, ask for it."

—Messrs. J. L. Sheets and Gordon, have commenced logging on William's River, having undertaken a large job as sub-contractors under contractor Gmy.

—Mr. A. Gunther now gets in his stone onto the new court-house by means of an "elevated railroad." He has several expert workmen setting stone, and the work is progressing rapidly.—Webster Echo.

—It is said that Randolph county has more standing timber than the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut combined, and has a greater area than Rhode Island.—Webster Echo.

—Dr. Price has been employed to make weekly professional visits to the William's River lumber camps, where about three-hundred men are at work. At the present time mumps are prevailing among the men.

—An old gentleman of this country once said in illustration of his statement, that the Pocahontas winters were mild, that "At Christmas the laurel was in full leaf, and the hens laid as big eggs as they did in June."

—While in the village one day last week Mr. Allan Levisay exhibited a bottle which is an heirloom in his family. Its possession can be traced back for more than a hundred years. It is a fine piece of workmanship, and valuable as a curio.

—Attorneys L. M. McClintic, W. A. Bratton and County Clerk S. L. Brown, have each made an important addition to their office furniture in Remington type-writers. This is the best type-writer made, and are probably the only first-class type-writers ever in use in the county.

—There is an interesting fact connected with the occupancy of the land preempted by John McNeel, the pioneer of the Little Levels. He settled near the place where Mr. M. J. McNeel now resides. The old log-house, mud stone spring-house, he built yet remains. With the exception of a few fragmentary lots, his vast possessions comprising thousands of acres are still in the possession of his descendants and bid fair to remain for another century or two.

—The ladies of Marlinton with their helpers met at the Marlinton church on Friday and did wonders in the way of brightening up the interior. With its new tower, steeple, and the rest finishing touches of the many skillful, busy hands put on floor, pews, windows, and pulpit, last week, the church presents a very attractive appearance and speaks well for the four denominations that make up the church.

—In Summers county, Miss Lelia Honaker, a pretty 18 year old girl, was saved from death by suicide in a peculiar manner. She went to the bank of a river and plunged in, and her clothes caught on two fish-hooks which were set at that place. A watchman of a bridge near the place, came to her rescue, and pulled her out by means of the fish-lines. She was unconscious, but was resuscitated. Her step-brother John Carter committed a suicide about a month ago.

—Ladies' trimmed hats from \$1 up to \$6 at Mrs. Cunningham's.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. John E. Campbell, editor of the Alleghany Sentinel, and family have been visiting friends and relatives in Pocahontas.

Mr. Wm. A. G. Sharp, a prominent citizen of Frost, was in town last Monday.

Mr. B. S. Dever, of Knapp's Creek, made Marlinton a business trip last Saturday.

Points Moore, who recently started to New Mexico, to seek a milder climate on account of pulmonary troubles, has located in Colorado. Capt. E. A. Smith has returned from Roncerville.

Mr. S. D. Price, of Jackson's River, was in town a few days last week.

Capt. Wm. L. McNeel is prostrated by another attack of paralysis, but at last advises the indications were favorable for an early recovery.

Dr. Page Barlow returned last Thursday with his wife, and is at home near Edray. Congratulations are hereby extended in honour of this auspicious event.

Mr. Jacob Sharp, a prominent citizen of near Edray, is much indisposed by chronic ailments, and is greatly prostrated by nervous debility.

The Highland Recorder makes complimentary mention of Dr. and Mrs. Cunningham, and Misses Maud and Daisy Yeager, who were in Monterey.

Died.

REV. E. F. ALEXANDER.

Died, at the residence of Mr. John R. Warwick, near Green Bank, W. Va., on the 6th of May, Rev. Edgar Floyd Alexander, pastor of the Presbyterian church, surrounded by faithful and loving friends. May the God of all comfort lighten the grief in his distant home by the knowledge of his duty faithfully done. He was buried on the 8th, 10 a. m., at Liberty church, Green Bank.

—Died.

MISS ELIZABETH BRUFFEY.

Died: of consumption, May 1, 1895, aged 17 years, oldest daughter of William and Martha Bruffey, on Hill's Creek, after a few months suffering. She was a Christian lady, highly respected by all who knew her, but the hand of death has been laid on her, and she has been taken from among her friends, who will mourn their loss, but she left a testimony behind, that she was ready to go at any time.

Asteep in Jesus, far from thee
Thy kindred, and their graves may be,
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

W. B. H.

Elk.

Perhaps a few items from this part of the country would not be objectionable.

Rev. Sharp preached an interesting sermon here last Sunday, at which time a Sunday School was organized.

The farmers are busy planting corn.

Oats are looking fine this season and the outlook for good crops is favorable.

Randolph Hawbrick had a horse choked to death on oats last Saturday night.

John Hannah, who has been visiting his daughters in Randolph and Webster counties, has returned home.

Draper Wees an accomplished about-musician, from Highland county, will work on Elk this summer. Those who want work done in this line will do well to call on him.

FARMER'S BOY.

The White House of the Congregational church is now used for a colored school house.

There are twenty-five women reading country papers in Kansas.

Clover Lick.

We are having fine growing weather. Just now small grain is looking well. Some corn has been planted.

Mrs. Sallio Ligon is improving in health, we are glad to state.

Dr. Ligon has been called to see Rev. E. F. Alexander, who is very sick. Mr. Mack McAlpine, also is very ill at this writing.

Mr. Howard Meeks has been quite unwell for some weeks with rheumatism. He is getting better.

Mr. Andrew Myers, of Virginia, is here doing some work on his farm.

R. H. Dudley is having a lot of the "Ligon Fence" built. This is the fence for this country and every farmer ought to invest in a right to use the patent.

Joe Gibson, of Monterey, is here drumming for wool for Bishop & Bro., and offering 16 cents per lb. in goods which seems very cheap.

NOT DROWNED.

Peter Kramer, who was supposed to have been drowned, has turned up again, and is now visiting his brother, Phillip Kramer.

NEW BIRD.

Howard Showalter, of this place, and Joe Gibson, of Monterey, on their way to Linwood, caught on the top of Elk Mountain a queer bird of the species of water fowl, and pronounced by good naturalists to be a curlew. The curlew is an aquatic bird of the genus *Numenius*, and the grallid order. It has a long bill; its color is diversified with ash and black; and the largest species spread more than three feet of wing. It frequents the shore in winter, and in summer retires to the mountains. This bird is of the same family with the wood-cock and sand-piper and is much prized for food. Its various species are widely scattered over both continents.

Dr. Job McLaughlin, of Addison, has been to see his relations in this county.

Sheep buyers get your mutton faces fixed up! There is a fine lot of lambs in this neighborhood.

BLUBAKER.

Lobelia.

Fine growing weather. Corn planting is the order of the day. Fins prospects for fruit, in this section of the county.

Mr. R. W. Hill, of Academy, took a fine lot of cattle to the mountains last week.

Mr. H. L. Casebolt has a fine cow for sale, near Lobelia.

Mr. John Eagle, who went to Webster to work, cut his foot so badly, that he has not been able to work since March the 15th.

Wanted: a lady to take charge of house and family, good house, reference furnished on application, W. B. Hill, Lobelia, W. Va.

Rev. D. C. Hedrick preached two grand sermons at Mt. Olive Saturday and Sunday.

Rev. Clark and family are at home on a visit, from Highland county, Va.

ONSENVEN.

That Same Old Hawk.

This town has several alarms every day. Every family keeps a lot of chickens, and there is a certain hawk which is absolutely fearless of man and drops down in plain view to capture a fresh victim. Shots, scare-crows, and noise are nute to him, and he is thriving on his fare. A lady informed a reporter that it was the "Impudent critter she ever seen." This is an awful "cuss-word" with her set, and generally need only in speaking of some of our young men who loaf about town. The hawk ought to be abated, and if only the town had been incorporated a reward would be placed on his head by the council. We lack organization.

BIBLICAL QUESTION.

In reply to a query of our Green Bank correspondent, as to which verse in the Bible contains all the letters of the alphabet except one, Messrs. Lewis Yeager and Leek Kee give the same answer, to-wit: Ezra 7:21 contains all the letters of the alphabet except the letter J.

Miss Mand Mason, of Huntersville, also sends the correct answer, and asks the question, how often does the word and occur in the Old Testament?

A man named Domet has just passed an examination in theology at Troy, Kansas.

Green Bank.

We are having fine growing weather. Corn planting is the order of the day in this part of the county.

Messrs. E. F. and C. O. Arbogast will have near fifty acres in corn this season.

Died: On the 6th of May, 1895, at Mr. J. R. Warwick's, Rev. E. F. Alexander, after eight days of great suffering caused by stricture of the bowels. Our hearts are heavy for we loved him as a brother, for no one knew him but to love him, and he was never known to speak harshly of any one. His remains were laid to rest in the beautiful grove at Liberty church, of which he was pastor.

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New York, Paris and Berlin combined took forty-two square miles of having as great an area as London.

Among the European countries Germany by far matches her neighbors in the number of electric railways, both in operation and course of construction.

At the year 1870 advanced, it will, in all probability, be found that manufacturing, commercial and agricultural interests will show signs of returning prosperity.

Graduates in Woolwich and Sandhurst, in England, to St. Cyr. in France, to the German, Austrian and Russian military academies, are all admitted by open competitive examinations or by appointments, tempered by the same.

Night refugees in Paris shelter the arts. The nine establishments in 1863 were used by 137 actors, forty-three singers, seventy-one musicians, twelve painters, twenty architects, 298 artists (painters), fourteen authors and eighteen journalists.

Twenty years ago Dr. E. H. Dewey, of Newville, Penn., wrote a book proving that the way to be healthy was to go without breakfast. The cult has lived since then, and, according to the New London (Conn.) Day, there are more than one hundred persons in that town who eat no breakfast.

The proportion of women suicides to that of men is small; whether because their moral courage is less, their moral courage more or their woes lighter. It would be interesting to know. It may, however, be safely assumed that the last named is not the reason, observe the New Orleans Picayune.

The importance of forestry is urged by Professor W. T. Thistleton Dyer on account of the probability that the supply of timber may be exhausted before that of coal. It further appears in view of our complete dependence upon the products of the vegetable kingdom for the necessities of our existence.

One of the tendencies of the age in the way of railroad improvement, noted by the New York Telegram, is the increased length of rails. The Pennsylvania has laid a few miles of sixty-foot rails, and the Lehigh Valley has been trying forty-five-foot rails. Now the Columbines, Hocking Valley and Toledo will lay a few miles of the sixty-foot rails as an experiment. The utility of the long rail is that it requires fewer joints, and, in consequence, affords smooth riding.

The growth of scholarships in the leading universities of this country is one of the best signs of educational progress, declares the San Francisco Chronicle. A scholarship can only be obtained by a good student who has mastered his specialty, but at Cornell University the system is now tried of offering eighteen scholarships, each worth \$200 for two years, to freshmen who pass certain special examinations. In addition to the usual test for matriculation. If many of our colleges spent less money on buildings and more on scholarships the work done would be greatly improved in quantity and quality.

"Dime Novel" Beadle, the man who became famous as the publisher of "dime novels" long before cheap literature was so plentiful as it is now, died at residence in Cooperstown, N. Y., recently, according the New Orleans Picayune. Seeing the immense profit to be made on cheap and sensational literature, in 1853 Mr. Beadle established a printing office for that purpose in New York, and thus became the father of the many concerns which feed the country with "dime novels" and "dime stories" that fill the counters of bookstores and news-stands.

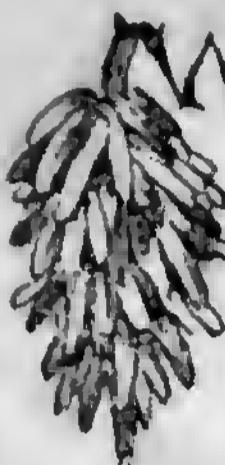
Parents and police have been called on to do their duty when books have been taken by the wild creatures of "dime novels," and "dime stories," and when the author of the book has been accused of being a "dime novelist," but, as the law books are now remember well, that he has not written the book, but just the lead thoughts—the greatest books—within the reach of the poor.

LITERARY CONTRASTS.

Portions of man and warlike of birds,
Portions of song and warlike of birds,
Elderly plumes and tender woods,
Steady woodland ways;
Hunting tones and whispering trees,
Hunting song of the soft bunting birds;
Hush, low, true, pure
I said he, he said I,
And besides—

Winter winds rattling the hills, dead leaves,
Fallen and lowering the sky;
Dropping mists lifting and earth as the
airrows,
Mourning for days gone by;
Darker forming 'neath bare, leafless trees,
Daily leaves sweeping o'er lone, barren
isles;
Heartache, death, tears,
And besides—
I alone, only I.

BREAKING THE ICE.



HEN William Larker irreversibly made up his mind to take Mary Knechenbach to the great county picnic at Blue Bottle Springs, he did not tell his father, as was his custom in most matters. To a straight-laced old Dunkard like Herman Larker the very thought of

attendance upon such a carousal, with its round dancing and square dancing, would have seemed almost impurity. Henry Knechenbach was likewise a member of that strict sect, but not quite so narrow in his ideas as his more pious neighbor. Yet to him also the suggestion of his daughter being a participant in such frivolity would have met with scant approval. But William was longing to dance. For many years he had secretly and fondly cherished the belief that he was possessed of much inherent ability in that art—genius compelled to remain dormant by the narrowness, the strictness of his family's ideas. Many a rainy afternoon had he given vent to his desire by swinging corners and deux-ét-deuxing about his father's barn floor, with no other partner than a wheat sheaf, and no other music than that produced by his own capacious lips.

It was for this reason that when on an heavenly July day William Larker, attired in his best—a plain black buck coat, trousers of the same material reaching just below his shoetops, a huge derby hat no longer black, but green, as a result of long exposure to the elements, and a new pair of shoes well talloweed—stepped into his buggy, tapped his sleek mare with the whip and started at a brisk pace toward the Knechenbach farm, his stern parent believed that he was going to the great bush-meeting at Bankertown, twelve miles up the pike, and was devoutly thankful to see his son growing in piety, and when Mary Knechenbach, buxom and rosy, wearing a plain black dress, the somberness of which was relieved solely by a white kerchief about the neck, and a gray poke bonnet, as became one of her sect, limped up and took the vacant place beside him. Henry Knechenbach, standing at the gate with his wife by his side, called after them as the vehicle rattled away: "Bosura an' tell Preacher Book when he comes this way to stop in an' get that crook o' usages we've be'n keepin' fur nissie."

And good Mrs. Knechenbach threw up her hands and explained: "Ain't she a lovely pair?" "Yes," replied the husband grimly, "an' they've be'n keepin' company six years now, an' that there fellow ain't never spoke his mind."

Meantime the buggy sped along the smooth road, the rattle of its wheels, the clatter of the sixes mare's hoofs and the thrill call of the kildeer skimming across the meadows being the sole sounds that broke the silence of the quiet country. A mile was gone over and then the girl said falteringly: "Be-gull, ain't it wrong?" William in response hit the horse a vicious cut with the whip and replied:

"Et don't seem jest right to fool 'em, but you'll fergit 'bout ol' when we git dancin'."

"I ain't never bin ter one o' them picnics an' I feel afraid."

Then there was a silence between them—a silence broken only at rare intervals, when one of the pair repeated some commonplace remark, which was always rewarded with a tacit reply of "Yais" or "Yer don't say it."

Up hill and down rattled the buggy, following the crooked country road across the wild valley. Over three low, wooded ridges, then several miles up the broad meadows that line the picturesque Juniata it waded its way, until at length the green grove in the centre of which lies the Blue Bottle Spring was reached.

The festivities had already begun. The outposts of the woods were filled with vehicles of every description—bogies, buckboards, spring wagons, oxcarts and oxen-drawn ploughs.

The horses had been unshod and tied to trees and fence, and were munching their midday meal of oats, growing the bark from limbs or kicking at the flies while their owners

gave themselves up to the pursuit of pleasure. After having seen his mare comfortably settled at a small chafing, from which she began playfully tearing off the foliage, and taken the lunch basket on one arm and his companion on the other, William Larker proceeded eagerly to the inner portion of the grove, the portion from whence came the sounds of the fiddle and coro-

"One more couple!" roared the floor master.
"You kin dance with th' best ov' em. Come along."

"Really, no. I'm too nervous. Just walk."

The twang of the fiddle com-

menced; the cracked, quavering notes

of the horn arose above the buzz of

conversation.

"Bow yer partners—cancers," cried

the leader. And the young man sat

down on the stump in disgust,

"We'll ha' ter git in th' next," he

said. "Why it's dead easy. Yer see,

this 'ere only a plain quadrille.

Youse orto see one 'et ain't plain.

One of them where they had such fig-

gers as 'first lady on th' war dance,'

like they done at the big weddin' up

at Bankertown three years ago. These

is plain. I've never danced before

myself, but I've seen 'em do it, an' I've

be'n practicin'. All you'll ha' ter do

is mind me."

And so the following dance found

the pair on the platform among the

rest. The girl trembling, blushing and self-conscious, but triumphant and composed.

"Bow yer partners," cried the floor

master, when the orchestra had start-

ed its scraping.

Down went the gray poke bonnet;

down went the great derby, and a

smile of joy overspread the broad face

beneath it.

"Swing yer partners!"

The great arms went around the

plump form, lifting it off its feet;

their owner spun round, carefully re-

placed his burden on the floor, bowed,

smiled and whispered, "Ain't ot

grand?"

"Corners!"

The young woman in blue satin

gave a slight scream that was meta-

morphosed into a giggle as she felt

herself swaying through space in the

arms of the muscular person toward

whom she had yearned. Her partner,

one of the young city men with a high

silky hat, grinned and whispered in

her ear, "Oat cake."

"Leads for a'd an' back!"

William Larker seized his partner's

plump hand and bounded forward,

hawing and twisting, his free arm ges-

ticulating in unison with his legs and

feet. He was in it now, in the thick

of the dance; in it with his whole

heart. Whencever there was any dozy-

doughing to be done William was

there; if a cousin went "visitin'" he

was with them; when "Ladies in the

center" was called he was there; in

every "Grand chain" he turned the

wrong way; he gripped the ladies'

hands until they inwardly groaned;

he tramped on and crushed the patent

leather pumps of the young city man,

and in response to a muttered some-

thing smiled his unconcern, bolted

back to his corner and swung his part-

ner, and whispered: "Ain't it grand."

The young women giggled facetiously,

and winked at their acquaintances in

the next set; the forward youth in the

holyday costume talked about road-

sweepers, and the city young man said

"Oat cake."

But the young Dunkard was uncon-

scious of it all to the end—the end

that came most suddenly and broke up

the dancing.

"Swing yer partners!" bawled the

floor master.

William Larker obeyed. A ragged

bit of the sole of his shoe, worn

through by snuffing, caught in a

crack and over he went, his partner

clamped tight in his arms, off the high

platform.

There was blood on the big boulder

and a gash in William's scalp when he

was picked up a moment later and car-

ried down to the spring. The doctors

poned water over him and bandaged

up his head, and when he recovered

his senses he found himself the center

of all eyes.

His first glance fell upon the white

face of Mary Knechenbach, who, seated

on a stump, was weeping heartily,

despite the efforts of a large crowd of

sympathizing women to allay her

fears. He looked up and his eyes met

those of the young woman in blue

satin, who was looking down on him,

and he saw her giggle, and turn and

speak into the crowd. He thought

that he noticed a high silk hat and

heard the word "Oat cake," and then

and there he resolved to return and

never again depart from the quiet ways

of his fathers.

They drove home in the early morn-

ing. William Larker and Mary Kne-

chenbach. And they had crossed the

last ridge and were looking out over

the broad valley toward the dark

mountains at the foot of which lay

their homes, when the first word was

spoken.

The girl looked at her companion

and said

WILLIAM'S NOTICE.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS,
No. 10, Va., April 1, 1895.

Andrew C. Wooddell, Deceased.

Andrew C. Wooddell, Deceased,
Plaintiff in the cause of the
Court of Common Pleas, against
John W. A. Shearor, defendant,
in the said cause, styled
John W. A. Shearor, Plaintiff,
vs. Andrew C. Wooddell, Deceased,
Defendant, in the town of Marion,
on the first day of June, 1895,
to take, state, and report the
following matters of account, to
the Court:

1. A statement of the account
of the said Andrew C. Wooddell,
deceased, to the plaintiff, showing
what amounts are due
I payed.

2. A statement showing all the
amounts due to the plaintiff,
John W. A. Shearor, together with
the simple and rental value
thereof.

3. Any other matter deemed
pertinent or required by
any party in interest.

Given under my hand this 23d day
of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
Commissioner.

NOTICE TO LIENS-HOLDERS.
All persons holding liens by
mortgage or otherwise on the real
or any part thereof of the said
estate.

In pursuance of a decree of the
Circuit Court of Pocahontas County
made in a cause therein pending
to subject the real estate of
the said Silas L. Burton to the
payment of his debts, you are
hereby required to present all
liens held by you and each of you
against the said Silas L. Burton,
whether liens on his real estate or
part of it, for adjudication to
me at my office in the town of
Marion, in said county, on or before
23d day of May, 1895.

Given under my hand this 23d
day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
Commissioner.

Commissioner's Notice.

In a Circuit Court continued and
for the County of Pocahontas,
the court-house thereof, on
Tuesday, April 4th, 1895.

State of West Virginia

VS.

One hundred acres
and

Fifteen acres

the matter of forfeited lands.

In motion of B. M. Yenger, Com-
missioner of School Lands of this
State, the above cause of the State
of West Virginia vs. One Hundred
and Fifteen Acres is referred

J. G. McNeil, one of the Com-
missioners of this Court, who shall
be, state, and report to court the
owing matters of account, viz:

1. Whether or not the two
tracts set forth in the bill, as waste
and unappropriated lands, are real
estate and unappropriated.

2. If waste and unappropriated
exact location of said tracts,
all other things required to be
settled under chapter 103 of the
Code of West Virginia, 1891, as
enacted by the Acts of West Vir-
ginia, 1893.

But before proceeding to take
a state and report no shall pub-
lish in the POCOHONTAS TIMES, a
newspaper published in this case
and post at the front door of the
art house for four consecutive
days, a notice of the time and
place of taking said account.

A copy, Test:

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.
The plaintiff and all unknown
plaintiffs of any part or parcel of
the above named 100 acres and 15
acres of land, will take notice

on the 23d day of May, 1895,
at my office in the town of Marion,
in Pocahontas County, West Vir-
ginia. I will commence the dis-
charge of my duties under above
case, at which time and place

and each of you can attend and
view and defend any interests
you have in said tracts of land
given under my hand this 17th day
of April, 1895. N. C. MCNEIL,

Commissioner.

NOTICE TO TRESPAVERS.

A remonstrance of God not to tres-
pass on my land in any way by hunt-
ing, trapping, tearing down fence or
cutting or taking stock on my
land belonging to the St.
Johns property, which adjoins
my land in any way to my person
or property.

W. L. SLABBERET.

William Was Right, But—

Col. Wm. R. Morrison says
the War of Sec. has spent a
great part of his career in hotels
and he has the theory has been
that the hotel can be so trained
that a hotel fire ought not to distract
the mind of the public when
the mind of the mind is needed. He
has this very strongly upon
Mrs. Morrison by instructing her
how to act if they were ever in a
hotel that was on fire.

He and his wife were aroused
from their slumbers one night by
an alarm. The hotel in which they
had their rooms was on fire, and there
was great confusion and tumult
among the guests.

"Now is the time to put into
practice what I have always preached
to you, my dear," said the colonel.
Don't get excited. Put on
all your indispensable apparel and
take your time. Don't lose your
head. Just watch me."

He calmed Mrs. Morrison's anx-
iety, handed her the articles neces-
sary to her toilet, put on his collar
and cuffs, took his watch from under
his pillow and placed it in his
vest pocket, put on his hat, and
walked with Mrs. Morrison out of
the burning building into the street.

"Now, my dear," he said when
they were safe, "don't you see what
a grand thing it is to keep cool and
act with deliberate purpose in an
emergency like this? Here you
are dressed, and over yonder are
several ladies in complete dish-
ableness."

Just then Mrs. Morrison for the
first time glanced at her husband.
"You are right, William," she said.
"It is a grand thing to keep cool
and act deliberately, but if I had
been you I would have stayed in
the room long enough to put on
my trousers."

The estimated population of the
world on Jan. 1, 1895, was 1,500,
000,000.

Twenty lives lie between the
Empire of Germany and the British
throno.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Important to You
Having resumed the practice of veter-
inary surgery (limited) I will treat
the following diseases in Pocahontas
and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone
bone-spavin, curb pollevil, fistula, and
hernia. Terms, specific and cures
guaranteed. I am also general agent
for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which
is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-
throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-
troubles, and pains of every description,
external or internal. Its timely
use will prevent all kinds of contagious
diseases. Address,

T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Alleghany, W. Va.

1. J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the
Circuit Court of Pocahontas county
rendered on the second day of April
1895, in the chancery cause of Jas.
V. Cuckley's executor against Jas.
T. Rose.

The undersigned special Commissioner
will proceed to sell on the
18th day of June, 1895, in front of
the court house door of Pocahontas
County, in public auction, to the
highest bidder, the tract of land
conveyed by James V. Cuckley to
the said James T. Rose, in the bill
and proceedings in above cause
mentioned. This land is situated
upon the waters of Stumping Creek
adjoining the lands of A. D. Gimes'
estate, the lands formerly owned by
Charles Stewart, and others, is very
fertile and well watered and has
upon it a comfortable dwelling and
necessary outbuildings.

TERMS OF SALE:—sufficient
cash in hand to pay the costs of
suit and expenses of sale, and the
residue upon a credit of 6 and 12
months, the purchaser giving bonds
with approved personal security
for the deferred payments, bearing
interest from date, and a lien to be
retained until all the purchase
money is paid. N. C. MCNEIL,
Special Commissioner.

1. J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk
of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas
County, do certify that bond has been
executed by the above Special
Commissioner as required by law.

J. H. PATTERSON,
Clerk.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified
not to pass through my place with
horses or to trespass on my land
in any other way, and that all
trespassers will be prosecuted to
the full extent of the law.

C. A. SHAFER.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants
and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor
other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute
for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil.
It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by
millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays
feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd,
cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves
teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulence. Castoria
assimilates the food, regulates the stomach
and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria
is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children that
Mothers have repeatedly told me of its
good effects upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osgood,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of
which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not
distant when mothers will consider the
interest of their children, and I use Castoria
instead of the various quack nostrums which are
destroying their loved ones by forcing opium,
morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful
agents down their throats, thereby rendering
them to premature grave."

Dr. J. F. Ketchel,
Cochran, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that
I recommend it as superior to any prescription
known to me."

Dr. A. Azman, M. D.,
1180, Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department
have spoken highly of their experience
in their outside practice with Castoria,
and although we only have among our
medical supplies what is known as regular
products, yet we are free to confess that the
merits of Castoria has won us to look with
favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

The Century Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

IT TICKLES YOU

THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhea, Flux,
Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches,
Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.

BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza,
Croup, Sore Throat, etc.

SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25¢ AND 50¢ PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.

HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

Waverley Bicycles.

Are the Highest of All High Grades

Warranted Superior to
Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regard-
less of Price, or the Name of the Maker.

Rend the following opinion of one of the most prom-
inent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of
these wheels:

RICHMOND, Va., Oct 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

GENTLEMEN—The Waverley Scorch and Belle came
to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us
the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to
tell us this wheel retails for \$85? We must say that it
is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever
seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it
weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold
this year and last (and you know that is a right good
number), we have never had a single frame nor fork
broken, either from accident or defect, and that is
all the following opinion of one of the most prom-
inent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of
these wheels:

High Frame, Wood Rim, more than we can say of any other wheel, however
Detachable Tire, Scorch-high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate
ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.

Yours truly, WALTER C. MENOER & CO.

Steel Rims, Waverley
Climber, Detachable
Tires, weighs 25 lbs \$55

Regular Frame, same
weights \$55

Ladies' Drop Frame, same
weights and Tires . . . \$55

20-inch Diamond, Wood
Rims, weight 21 lbs . . . \$74

A - GOOD - AGENT - WANTED.

In every town a splendid business
awaits the right man. Get our
Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Confederate Veteran

and the

Pocahontas Times, \$1.65.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 42.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia, Pocahontas County, to wit: At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said county, on Monday, May 6th, 1895.

In the matter of School Lands: Pocahontas County, W. Va.

R. M. Yeager, Commissioner.

State of West Virginia,

vs.

A tract of 2139 acres, a tract of 80 acres, a tract of 21 acres, a tract of 13 acres, a tract of 33 acres, a tract of 40 acres, a tract of 111 acres, a tract of 3 acres, a tract of 271 acres, a tract of 239 acres, a tract of 304 acres, a tract of 1023 acres, a tract of 219 acres, a tract of 78 acres, a tract of 800 acres, a tract of 2 acres, a tract of 11 acres, a tract of 5 acres, a tract of 81 acres, a tract of 1600 acres.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree from the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County to sell the above named tracts of land for the benefit of the school fund of West Virginia, having been forfeited for the non-payment of taxes.

The following tracts set out below are those of the above named tracts in which non-residents are interested as owners or claimants, with the general description and location of each:

1st.—A tract containing 30 acres, situated in Edney District of said county, forfeited in the name of Francis Adkinson for non-entry on the land books of said county, now owned by the heirs of Luanab Cloonan, and being a part of the old Abel Adkinson tract.

2d.—A tract of 13 acres, patented to George Craig, June 30th, 1845, forfeited for non-entry on the land books of said county, lying on the waters of Knupp's Creek, and adjoining the lands of the Frederick Burr Estate.

3d.—A tract of 30 acres, patented to George Craig, June 30th, 1845, forfeited for non-entry on the land books of said county, and lying on the waters of Knupp's Creek and adjoining the lands of the Frederick Burr Estate.

4th.—A tract of 3 acres of land situated in or near the town of Hinton, forfeited to the name of George Craig for non-entry on the land books of said county.

5th.—A tract of land containing 271 acres forfeited for the non-payment of taxes for the year 1892, in the name of Sennel B. Campbell, and purchased by the State of West Virginia, situated on the West Branch of Greenbrier River.

6th.—A tract containing 301 acres, forfeited in the name of G. W. McDonald for the non-payment of taxes thereon for the year 1891, and purchased by the State of West Virginia; said land is situated on Thorny Flat, on Elk, in said county.

7th.—A tract containing 1623 acres, situated near Big Spring, on Elk, in said county, forfeited in the name of G. W. McDonald, for the non-payment of taxes thereon for the year 1891, and purchased by the State of West Virginia.

8th.—A tract containing 76 acres, situated on the waters of Knupp's Creek, adjoining the lands of L. B. Moore and others, and forfeited in the name of Lucy Lockridge and W. Clark for the non-payment of taxes thereon for the year 1892, and purchased by the State of West Virginia.

9th.—A tract containing 800 acres, situated on Middle Mountain in said county, and forfeited in the name of Henry White and Joseph Seebert's heirs, for the non-payment of taxes thereon for the years 1891 and 1892, and purchased by the State of West Virginia.

10th.—A tract of 11 acres, forfeited in the name of Peter Heald, on the waters of Elk in said county, adjoining the lands of Sennel B. Campbell, for non-entry in the land books of said county.

11th.—A tract of 13 acres, on Knupp's Creek situated in the Gap above Hinton, in said county, in the name of George W. Craig's estate, for the non-entry on land

12th.—A tract of 1000 acres of land, on the waters of Williams River, in said county, forfeited in the name of John H. and John J. Jones' heirs, of the State of Ohio, for non-entry on the Land Books of Pocahontas County for more than five years.

And it appearing by affidavit filed

that John Cloonan, J. B. Cloonan, Alton Cloonan, J. N. Craig, the unknown heirs of Samuel Campbell, G. W. McDonald, R. L. Park, J. C. Lewis, Mrs. M. C. Wagstaff, A. G. Lockridge, Lee Lockridge, C. Trout Seebert, Mary Seebert, Peter Herrell or his unknown heirs, John Hunter and the unknown heirs of John J. Jones, The Sherman Company, a corporation existing under the laws of the State of Maryland, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that each one is interested as an owner or claimant in one or more of the above named tracts of land, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 6th day of May, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

J. M. MCCLINTIC, P. q. [m10.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of WEST VIRGINIA, POCOHONTAS COUNTY, to wit: At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said County, on Monday, May the 6th, 1895.

James M. Turner

versus

Samuel D. Bright, Esq., his wife, Medora Bright, R. Erynoe, E. E. Erynoe, her husband; Eliza S. Bright, Daniel Stone, her daughter, the unknown heirs of Wm. Long, deceased; Eliza S. Bright, heir of Ann Turner

versus

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